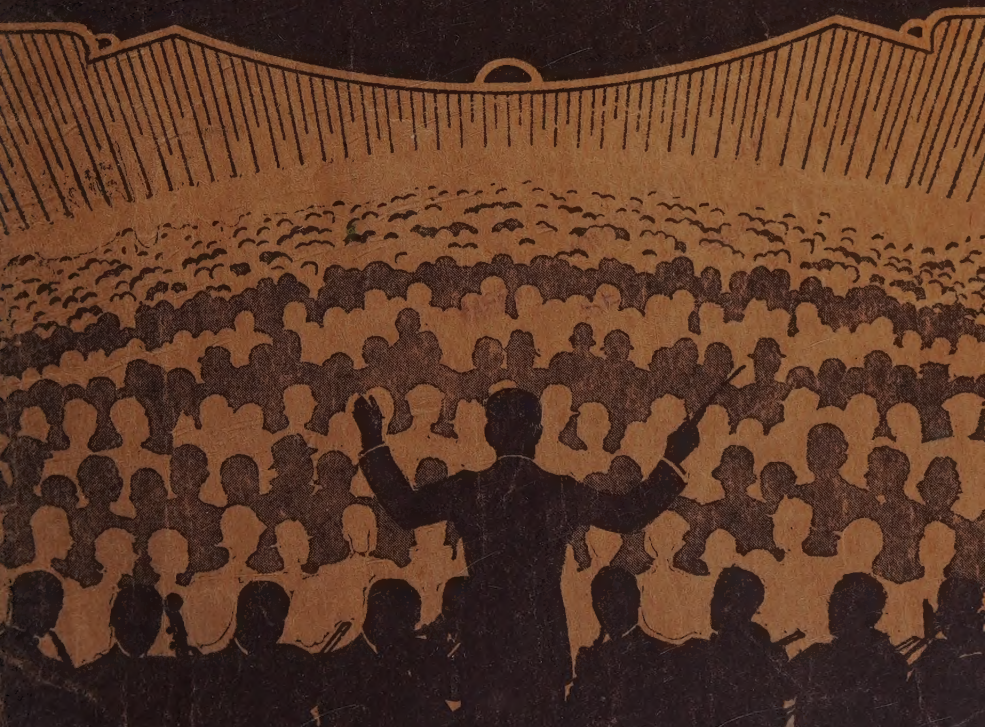
"I Hear America Singing"

TWICE 55 PLUS

Community Songs

The New Brown Book



C. C. Birchard & Co.

Boston

PREFACE

The new TWICE 55 COMMUNITY SONGS is the culmination of over fifteen years of development and revision. This collection, which is now the leader in a small library of TWICE 55 song books, traces its origin to a collection of 18 songs which was published in 1913, at the request of the Music Supervisors' National Conference. This number soon expanded to 55; the demands for material to be sung during the period of the World War led to the publication of an enlarged collection known as the Liberty Edition; and in 1919 the revised edition with 120 songs, a few with text only, somewhat exceeded the number suggested by its title of TWICE 55 COMMUNITY SONGS. The present edition contains 175 songs with music, but the editors have thought it best to retain the familiar title which is now known and cherished the world around.

In an earlier preface appears the following statement: "This collection of songs represents a movement toward truer brotherhood and spiritual awakening through mass singing — an effort to liberate the spirit of the people through self-expression in song, and add to growth in unity of thought and feeling, which is the foundation of individual and national strength." This movement has been greatly helped through the direct influence resulting from the wide use of this the first of the TWICE 55 Series. America is commencing to acquire a common repertory of songs not only for today but for future generations. This repertory is being transmitted to more than twenty foreign nations where the TWICE 55 books are in constant use.

As is fitting in a country of many nationalities, the music included in this book for all America embraces much characteristic folk music of various peoples; patriotic songs, songs of sentiment and home, humorous and college songs, hymns and negro spirituals, and several standard choruses. More than one-third of the songs are distinctively American, and among other nations represented are France, Italy, Russia and Great Britain, including some of the best examples of Scotch, Irish and Welsh songs.

In making this enlarged book, the editors have been influenced by the consideration of effects possible with large groups of people whose singing is guided mainly by natural musical feeling. They have also made due allowance for the larger aspect of community singing that is now rapidly developing — the aspiration to create and encourage a constantly advancing standard of choral achievement and musical appreciation, to the end that the desire for self-expression in the higher forms of musical art may be satisfied, and that a resultant culture and life-benefit may be realized. The 80 additional songs for which music now appears in this greatly enlarged edition include not only some of the old favorites for which text alone was printed in the preceding edition, but also new folk songs, carols and hymns, and some noble choruses which are worthy of careful study by advanced choral groups. In this effort to extend the scope of community singing it approaches the ideal which is more completely embodied in the second book of this series, the GREEN BOOK.

The editors have scrutinized the arrangements of all the material herein with the greatest care because they recognize that this collection will continue to be accepted as the standard publication for community singing. Those who use it may feel sure that the versions of the songs as printed represent the best judgment of the editors and publishers, based upon careful research and consideration.

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TWICE 55 PLUS

COMMUNITY SONGS

THE NEW BROWN BOOK

ENLARGED TO CONTAIN 175 SONGS AND CHORUSES
WITH RESPONSIVE READINGS

EDITED BY
PETER W. DYKEMA, WILL EARHART
HOLLIS DANN AND OSBOURNE McCONATHY

*VOCAL EDITION**

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SEP 28 1938

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C. C. BIRCHARD & CO.
BOSTON

*PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT EDITION and COMPLETE ORCHESTRAL PARTS for sale by the Publishers. The New Brown Book can be supplied in Cloth Covers if desired.

Several nations have used this splendid dignified tune, either as a national anthem, or as a composition of the utmost importance. Parts of the melody have been traced back as far as Dr. John Bull (1563-1628), but the composer of the melody in its final form is still unknown, though many continue to credit it to Henry Carey, an Englishman (1690-1743). The words were written in 1832, by Rev. S. F. Smith, an American clergyman. The song was first sung publicly at a children's celebration of American Independence in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, of that year.

1. America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

S. F. Smith — *Henry Carey (?)*

mf Andante con moto — *f*

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
2. My na- tive coun -try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom's song. Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

ff

fa - thers died ! Land of the Pil-grim's pride ! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free- dom ring !
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills ; My heart with rap- ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, — The sound pro-long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho- ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

This most beautiful of the Army Bugle calls is sounded by the bugler as it appears in the upper notes, the harmony having been added here to vary the effect when it is sung.

2. Taps

Words from Penn. Military College — *U. S. Army Bugle Call*

Slow

1. Fad - ing light dims the sight, And a star gems the sky, gleam- ing
2. Dear one, rest! In the west Sa - ble night lulls the day on her
3. Love, sweet dreams! Lo, the beams Of the light fair - y moon kiss the

bright, From a - far draw - ing nigh, Falls the night.
breast; Sweet, good - night! Now a - way, To thy rest.
streams; Love, good - night! Ah, too soon! Peace - ful dreams!

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These words were written in 1814, while the author was detained on a British ship which was bombarding Fort McHenry. When morning came he saw that "our flag was still there" and it was then he wrote the lines of our national song.

3. The Star-Spangled Banner

Service Version

Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12.*

Francis Scott Key — *John Stafford Smith*

With spirit. (♩ = 104)

f

O . . say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
O . . thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the

f

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

mf

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

mf

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96)

burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O . . say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-span-gled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to; "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled

f

broaden *ff*

Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

ff

* The constituency of the Committee and a record of its deliberations may be obtained through the publishers of this book.

This song is of uncertain origin. In England it has been sung to the words "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean, and the English claim that it originated in their country. In America the authorship has been claimed by both David T. Shaw and Thomas A Becket.

4. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

Unison

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A . . world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of free-dom's founda-tion, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew;
May the ser-vice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-n-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red,white,and blue!
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red,white,and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red,white,and blue!

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white,and blue! When borne by the red, white,and blue!
The boast of the red, white,and blue! The boast of the red, white,and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white,and blue! Three cheers for the red, white,and blue!

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red,white,and blue!
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red,white,and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red,white,and blue!

This is a worthy addition to our patriotic songs. The author is professor of English in Wellesley College. The music, which is the well-known hymn-tune "Materna," was composed by an American, who died in 1903. This hymn to America should be sung with fervor and devotion, the refrain, "America, America," being especially marked.

5. America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — *Samuel A. Ward*

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, . . For pur - ple mountain
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern impassioned stress . . A thor- ough-fare for
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, . . Who more than self their
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years . . Thine al - a - bas - ter

f

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain. . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness. . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life. . . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May
cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears. . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God

shed His grace on thee, . And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, . Con-firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
God thy gold re - fine . Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.
shed His grace on thee, . And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

Sing with marked rhythm, especially in the first and third parts. Close at a signal when all parts are singing, thus producing the full chord.

6. Round: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

1 — 2

1. Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;
2. Hoe, hoe, hoe your row, Thro' the sum - mer heat;
3. Save, save, save the wheat, Meat and su - gar, too;

3 — 4

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.
Mer - ri - ly do your bit, Cheer - i - ly stick to it, Rais - ing beans and wheat.
Corn and po - ta - toes and rice and to - ma - toes are might - y good for you!

This tune, popular in the Civil war, has survived with a few contemporaneous songs, but the original words are no longer vital except the thrilling repetition that begins the chorus. In writing new words for present use, it has been the aim to retain the outstanding features of the chorus, and to relate them and the body of the text to the momentous war conditions that lately prevailed.

7. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

David Stevens — *George F. Root*

1. On the bat - tle front we stand, 'neath the flag that made us free, Ev - er
2. They are com - ing from the West, you can hear the might - y roar, As they
3. There's a God in glo - ry still and His Word is on the sky, Blaz - ing

read - y at the word to do and dare; Tho' we're twice a mil-lion strong, still they're
tramp the earth and sing a bat - tle song; There are mil - lions in the fight, and as
let - ters for the das-tard foe to read: Ye are trai - tors to the truth and as

com - ing from the sea, We can hear the tread like thun - der on the air.
man - y mil - lions more On - ly wait the Na - tion's call to come a - long.
trai - tors ye shall die, Tho' a world be made to suf - fer and to bleed!

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are march - ing! Cheer, brave com-rades, they will come; Ev - 'ry

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching, marching! come, will come;

heart is in the fight For the cause of Truth and Right And the freedom of our own belov-ed land!

Another survival of the Civil war. The words of the chorus have been slightly altered; but it stands today as it has stood, practically unchanged, for more than half a century, a militant Song of Freedom.

8. Battle Cry of Freedom

Words and Music by G. F. Root

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,

Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom!
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom!

It's Free-dom for - ev - er, Hur - rah, boys, Hur-rah! Down with the shackle and up with the star!

While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat - tle cry of Free-dom!

This song has an inspiring theme, rhythm and melody that make it unique in the group of great War Songs.

9. When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Gaily — *Words and Music by Louis Lambert*

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give him a heart - y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! To wel - come home our
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give the he - roes

wel - come then, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar - ling boy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies gay With
three times three, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To

la - dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!
ros - es they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!
place up-on his loy- al brow, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!

10. Round: Are You Sleeping?

Moderato

1. Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing? Broth - er John, Broth - er John,
2. Are you sav - ing, are you sav - ing? Right a - long, right a - long,

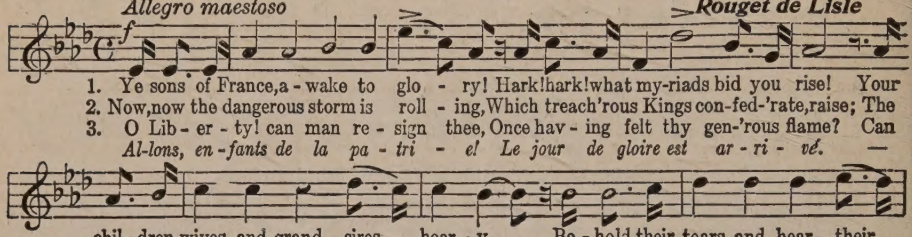
Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are ring - ing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.
Sav-ings Stamps will help you Ring the bells for Free-dom Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

This hymn, probably the most inspiring patriotic song the world has ever known, was written by a young French officer in April, 1792, for the soldiers of Luckner's army, who sang it as they marched on the Tuileries, Aug. 10, 1792. From that day its place in the hearts of the French people has never been disputed.

11. The Marseillaise

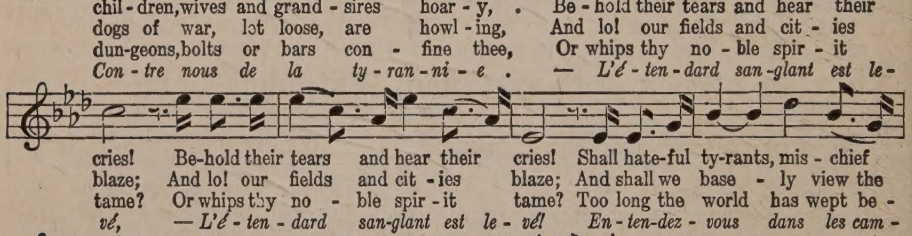
(Arranged from the Official French Version prescribed for the French Army)

Allegro maestoso — *Rouget de Lisle*



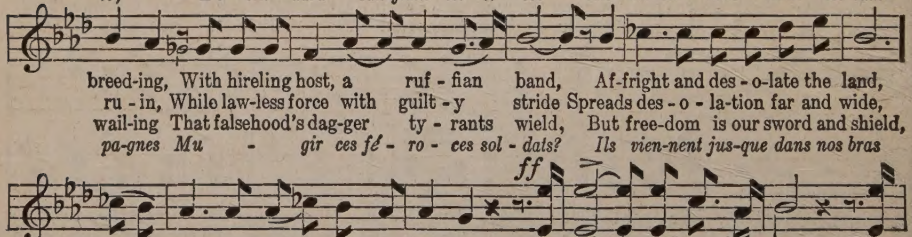
1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what my-riads bid you rise! Your
2. Now, now the dangerous storm is roll - ing, Which treach'rous Kings con-fed-'rate, raise; The
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen-'rous flame? Can

Al-lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé. —



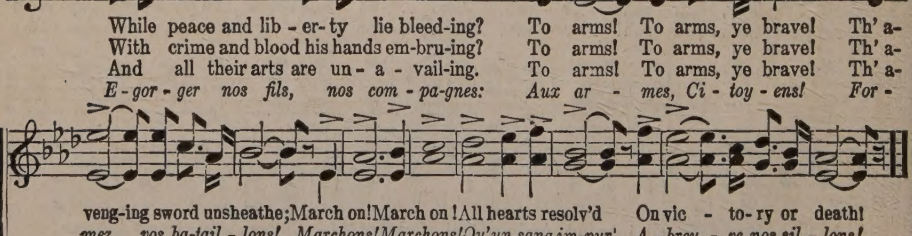
chil - dren, wives and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and hear their
dogs of war, let loose, are howl - ing, And lo! our fields and cit - ies
dun-geons, bolts or bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e. — L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le -



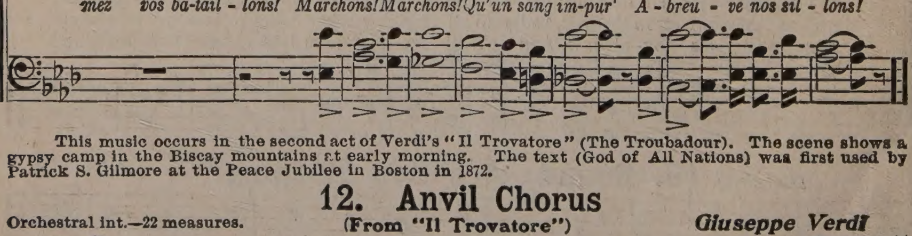
cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis - chief
blaze; And lo! our fields and cit - ies blaze; And shall we base - ly view the
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

vé, — L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le - vé! En - ten-dez - vous dans les cam -



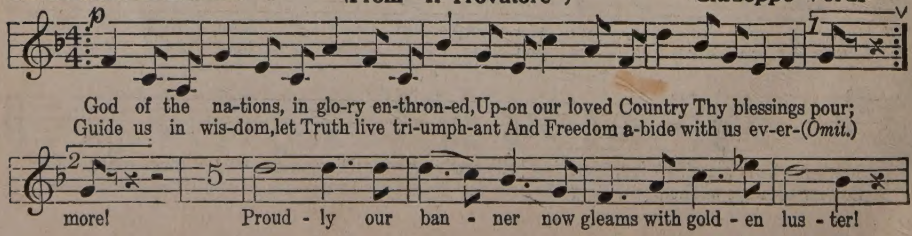
breed-ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian band, Af-fright and des - o-late the land,
ru - in, While law-less force with guilt - y stride Spreads des - o - la-tion far and wide,
wail-ing That falsehood's dag-ger ty - rants wield, But free-dom is our sword and shield,

pa-gnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras



While peace and lib - er- ty lie bleed-ing? To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th' a-
With crime and blood his hands em-bru-ing? To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th' a-
And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing. To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th' a-

E - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa-gnes: Aux ar - mes, Ci - toy - ens! For -



veng-ing sword unsheathe; March on! March on! All hearts resolv'd On vic - to- ry or death!

mez vos ba-tail - lons! Marchons! Marchons! Qu'un sang im-pur' A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

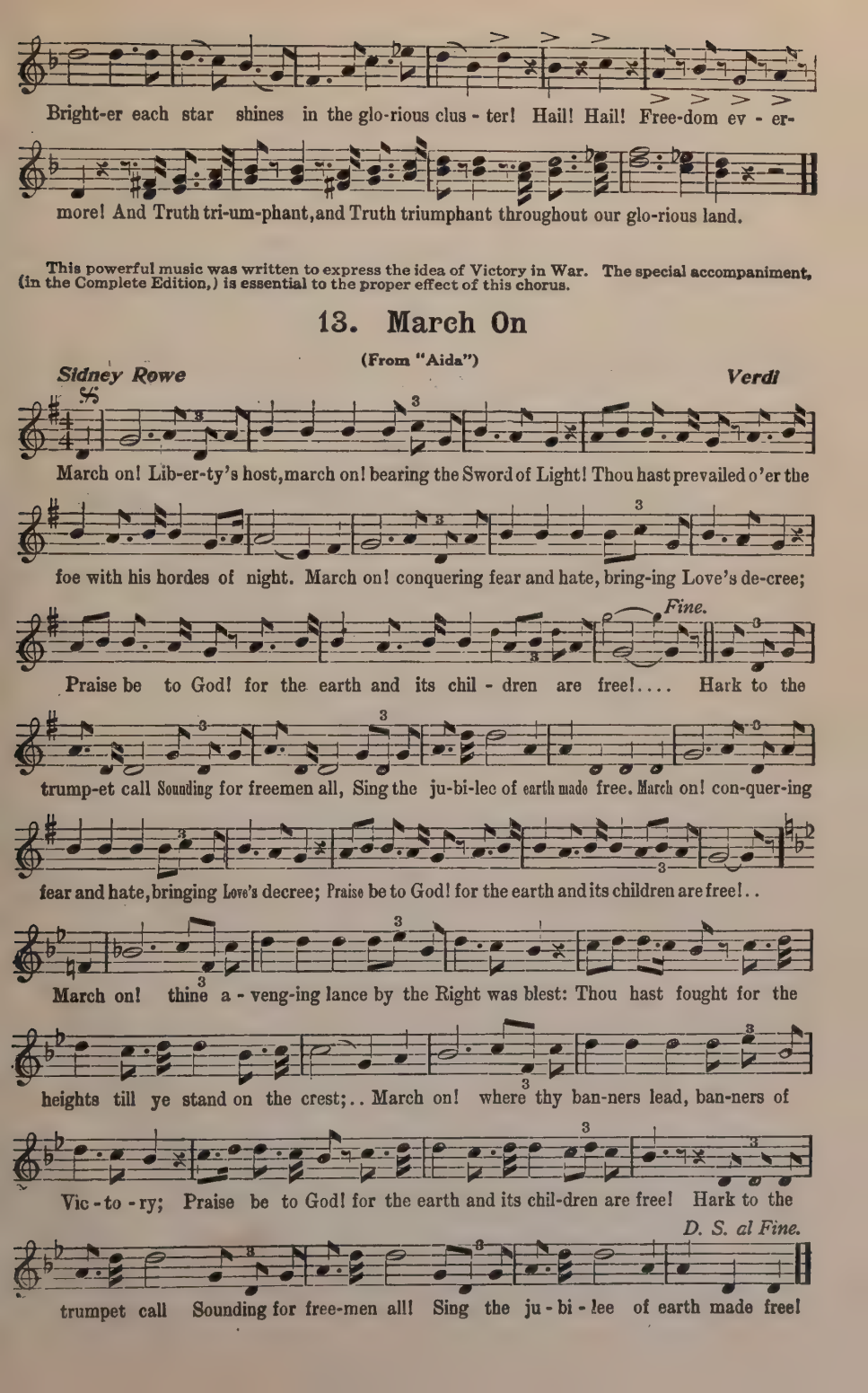
This music occurs in the second act of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (The Troubadour). The scene shows a gypsy camp in the Biscay mountains at early morning. The text (God of All Nations) was first used by Patrick S. Gilmore at the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872.

12. Anvil Chorus

Orchestral int.—22 measures. (From "Il Trovatore") *Giuseppe Verdi*

God of the na-tions, in glo-ry en-thron-ed, Up-on our loved Country Thy blessings pour;
Guide us in wis-dom, let Truth live tri-umph-ant And Freedom a-bide with us ev-er-(*Omit.*)

more! Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - ter!



This powerful music was written to express the idea of Victory in War. The special accompaniment, (in the Complete Edition,) is essential to the proper effect of this chorus.

13. March On

(From "Aida")

Sidney Rowe *Verdi*

March on! Lib-er-ty's host, march on! bearing the Sword of Light! Thou hast prevailed o'er the

foe with his hordes of night. March on! conquering fear and hate, bring-ing Love's de-cree;

Fine.

Praise be to God! for the earth and its chil - dren are free!.... Hark to the

trump-et call Sounding for freemen all, Sing the ju-bi-lee of earth made free. March on! con-quer-ing

fear and hate, bringing Love's decree; Praise be to God! for the earth and its children are free!..

March on! thine a - veng-ing lance by the Right was blest: Thou hast fought for the

heights till ye stand on the crest;.. March on! where thy ban-ners lead, ban-ners of

Vic - to - ry; Praise be to God! for the earth and its chil-dren are free! Hark to the

D. S. al Fine.

trumpet call Sounding for free-men all! Sing the ju - bi - lee of earth made free!

14. When You and I were Young, Maggie

Geo. W. Johnson — *J. A. Butterfield*

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be - low, The creek and the old rust - y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a - go.
2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In pol-ished white man-sions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than then; My face is a well-writ - ten page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.

The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D.S. *And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, The tri - als of life near - ly done,*

D.S.

The old rust - y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

15. Scotland's Burning

(ROUND)

1 — Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing, Look out, look out!

2 — Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa - ter, Pour on wa - ter!

3 — Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing, Look out, look out!

4 — Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa - ter, Pour on wa - ter!

Both melody and words of this song, which is known and loved throughout the world, were written by Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864), an American of Irish descent. His songs have gained for him the title of the great American folk-song writer. Foster's words always came to him accompanied by melodies, so that when he had finished his verses the music also was completed.

16. Old Folks at Home

Andante espressivo — *Stephen C. Foster*

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
All up an' down de whole cre - a tion Sad - ly I roam,
2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
When I was play - in' wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
When will I see de bees a - hum-min' All roun' de comb?

S: FINE

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Still long - in' for de old plan - ta - tion, An' for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud- der. Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my men - 'ry rush es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - min' Down in my good old home?

D.S. *Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.* D.S.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry - where I roam;

The influence of the slave songs is discernible in most of Foster's songs and accounts for the sadness of many of them.

17. Nellie was a Lady

Moderato — *Stephen C. Foster*

1. Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trav - el on the way;
2. Now I'm un - hap - py and I'm weep - ing, Can't tote the cot - ton-wood no more;
3. Down in the mead-ow 'mong the clo - ver Walk with my Nel - lie by my side;

All night the cot - ton-wood a - tot - ing, Sing for my true love all the day.
Last night while Nel - lie was a - sleep - ing, Death came a-knock-ing at the door.
Now all those hap - py days are o - ver, Fare - well, my dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

Nel-lie was a la-dy, Last night she died; Toll the bell for lovely Nell, My dark Virginny bride.

This is one of the most graceful of the Stephen C. Foster melodies. It has the same simple harmonic structure which is characteristic of all his compositions. The words voice the love of the servants for the kind master.

18. Massa's in the Cold Ground

Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, — While de
Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, — O'er de grass - y mound, — Dere old
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
Now de or-ange trees are bloom - ing, — On de sand - y shore, — Now de
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, — Now they
can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, — Cayse de tear - drops flow; I try to

mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am . long.
Mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold . (*Omit*) ground. Down in de
hear old Mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and . old.
sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no . (*Omit*) more. Down in de
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I
drive a-way my sor - row, Pick - ing on de old ban - (*Omit*) - jo. Down in de

corn-field, Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkies am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground!

19. The Bell Doth Toll

(ROUND)

Slowly

mf 1

The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well;

2

I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its

3

bim, bim, bim, bom, bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom, bell.

This song has always been a peculiar favorite with men and boys. Considerable freedom is allowed in the tempo of the chorus. The use of an echo choir in the singing of the chorus produces a very lovely effect.

20. Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de- part-ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Fine.

mf CHORUS. *pp* *D. S. al Fine.*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

Close by having each part stop after it has been sung through three times.

21. Lovely Evening

(ROUND)

1. *Allegretto.* 2. 3.

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning, When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

No author or composer of negro songs has touched the sympathetic chord of the home-love of the colored race so surely as Foster did in this song. It embodies some of the best characteristics of American negro music and is in truth fitted to rank with the best legendary folk-songs of any land.

22. My Old Kentucky Home

Foster

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead- ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day; The old Ken-tuck - y home, good night!

young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a -knock-ing at the door, Then my bench by the old cab - in door; The old Ken-tuck - y home, good night!

2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the mead - ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de- light; The time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my field where the su - gar - canes grow; A old Ken-tuck - y home, good night!

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may go; A few more days, and the trou - ble all will end, In the few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a - way.

rit.

John Howard Payne, an American who spent most of his life as a wanderer over Europe, with no settled home, became famous as the author of this best known and loveliest home-song the world has ever sung. He was at various times, an actor, translator of plays, and finally U. S. Consul at Tunis, where he died in 1852. The music was probably composed by Henry R. Bishop, although he himself designated it as a "Sicilian air."

23. Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne — *Henry R. Bishop*

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, A
Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home. Which,
2. An ex-ile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in vain; The
Oh, give me my low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain. Give me

D.S. *There's*

D.S. al fine

charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there,
seek thro' the world is not met with else-where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
birds sing-ing gai-ly that come at my call,
them with the peace of mind, dear-er than all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

no place like home, there's no place like home.

This is a representative type of early Folk-song. It is very ancient and originated in Wales where it was sometimes known as "Poor Mary Ann."

24. All Through the Night

Old Welsh — *David Owen*

Quietly. mp

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All through the night; Guard-ian an-gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All through the night; While the wea-ry

God will send thee, All through the night, Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
world is sleep-ing All through the night. O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing,

Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing All through the night.
Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All through the night.

In Tennyson's "Princess," whence these words are derived, are to be found numerous songs, most of them connected with childhood, which have found a permanent place in the hearts of the people. Sir Joseph Barnby, the composer (1838-1896), was an Englishman. Although the melody of this song is beautiful, it is essentially a part-song, and, for its full beauty, demands all of the four voices.

25. Sweet and Low

Alfred, Lord Tennyson — *Joseph Barnby*

Larghetto pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

sf *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
(*Alto*) O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will

pp *f*

wa - ters go, come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, (*A.B.*) Come from the moon, and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

dim. *p* *rall. a dim.*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

The words are found in Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac.

26. Early to Bed

American

1 2 3

Ear-ly to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise, Wise, healthy, and wealthy.

One of the most beautiful of the poems of Robert Burns, often called "Afton Water." It is commemorative of his deep love for "Highland Mary." He wrote many poems adapted to well-known Scotch tunes, and in all his verses he was particularly happy in the expression of simple love and kindliness. The smooth, flowing character of the music well brings out the spirit of Burns' text.

27. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns — ***James E. Spilman***

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

rit. *a tempo*

hill, Ye wild whis-tling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-

lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852), the Irish poet, made many contributions to modern song by taking old Irish folk-tunes which were not suitable for general use and writing new poems for them. This is one of the best of his songs. The melody is of exceptional charm and appeal and has long been a favorite, especially as the college song "Fair Harvard."

28. Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore — *Irish Air: "My Lodging is in the Cold Ground"*

Andantino

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!

2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose!

Although this composition was originally intended as a personal love-song, it has through common use come to express rather the general feeling of kindliness and brotherhood which is the great element in a successful community song. The composer was an Irish barrister and musician; the author of the words, an English poet.

29. Love's Old Sweet Song

G. Clifton Bingham — *J. L. Molloy*

12 *p* *Quietly*

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev - er-more,

12

cres. *p*

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

p

ritard.

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
So till the end when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

Molto moderato

1

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, (*Omit.* . . . . . .

dim. 2 *f* *p*

soft - ly come and go; . Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

"Annie Laurie" was a real person, born in 1682, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. The words were written by William Douglass as a tribute to Annie's beauty and an expression of his devotion to her. His original words, for the first two stanzas only, were in Scotch dialect, which have been rendered in the common version here printed. The music was written in 1847 by Lady John Scott who it is said, but not authoritatively, also wrote the words for the third stanza.

30. Annie Laurie

Douglass of Fingland — *Scotch Tune*

mp Andante

1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly . . fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is . . like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like

mf

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise true,
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on,
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is soft and sweet. Her voice is soft and sweet,

mp

Which ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

This song was popular throughout the Eastern States in 1861. In feeling and melodious simplicity, it is similar to the Foster songs of the same period.

31. Bonny Eloise

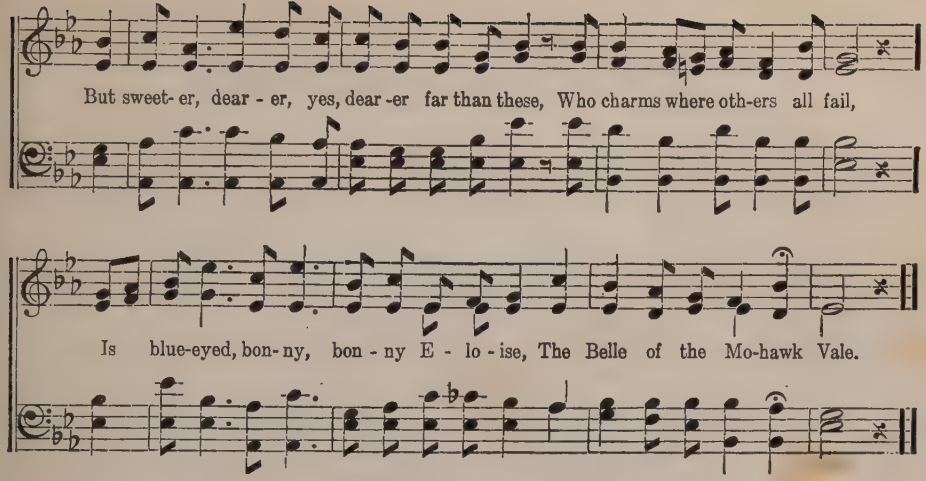
C. W. Elliott — *J. R. Thomas*

SOLO OR UNISON

1. O sweet is the vale where the Mo - hawk gen - tly glides On its
2. O sweet are the scenes of my boy - hood's sun - ny years That be -

clear wind - ing way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto - ried
span - gle the gay val - ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro'

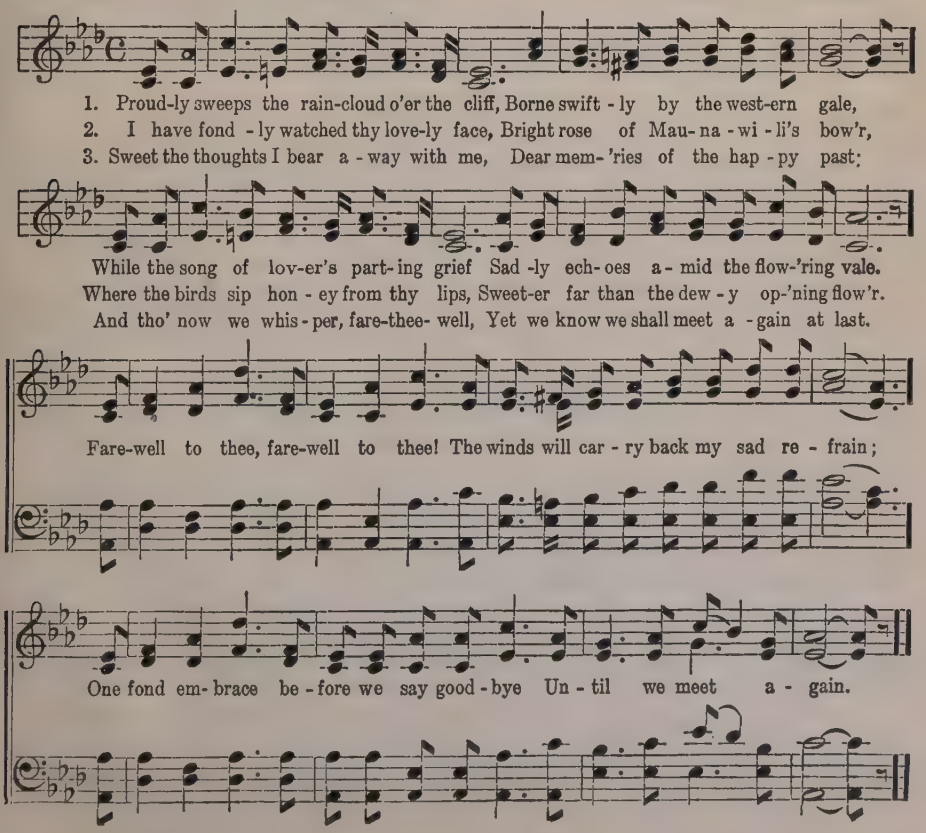
streams on earth be - sides Is the bright roll - ing riv - er to me.
mem - o - ry's fond tears, That have lived in the blest days of yore.



This song is not included as characteristic of Hawaiian music, but the native words originated in those islands. The tune, although ascribed to the former Queen, is possibly an adaptation of an American melody.

32. Aloha Oe

English version by Stephen Fay ***Queen Liliuokalani***



This is an American song of unusual beauty. The words are from Longfellow's "Spanish Student." It is most effective when sung in parts unaccompanied.

33. Stars of the Summer Night

Longfellow — *I. B. Woodbury*

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deep, Hide, hide your gold-en light,
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light,
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while, in slumber light,

She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

This southern melody of unknown Spanish origin has, through its appropriate words written by Mrs. Caroline Norton, become one of the most widely used songs for out-of-door singing. The simple three-part structure of this song is particularly worthy of note. (The Spanish pronunciation, *Wa-neé-tah*, is to be used.)

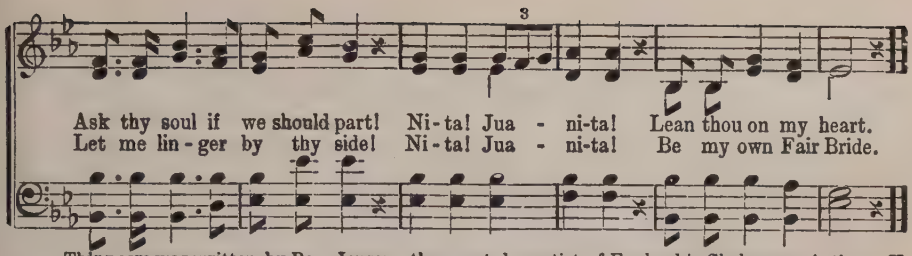
34. Juanita

Mrs. Caroline Norton — *Spanish Melody*

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?

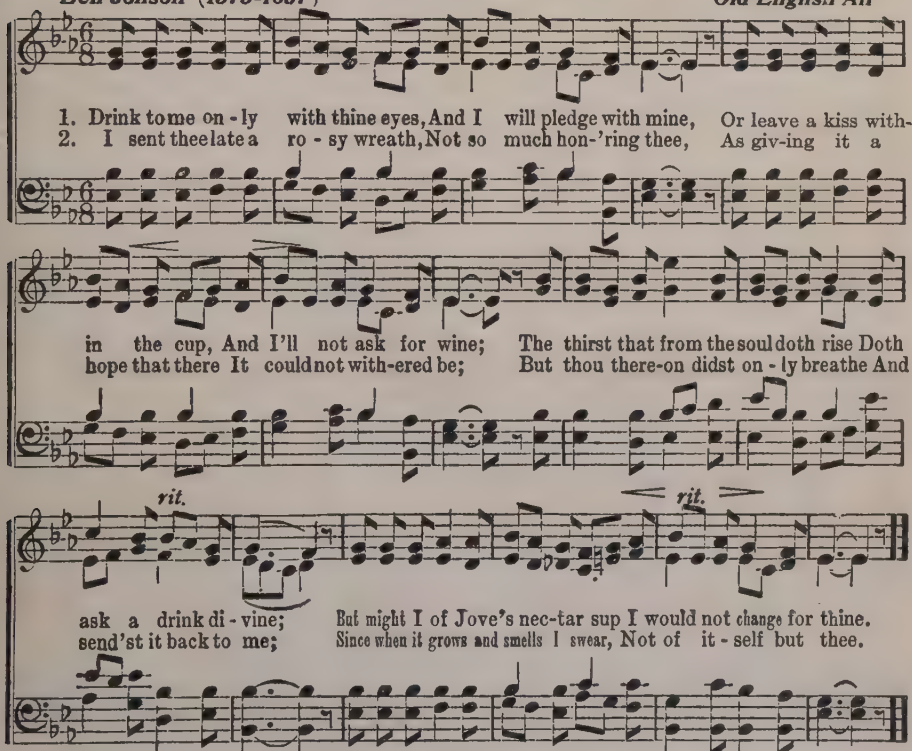
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



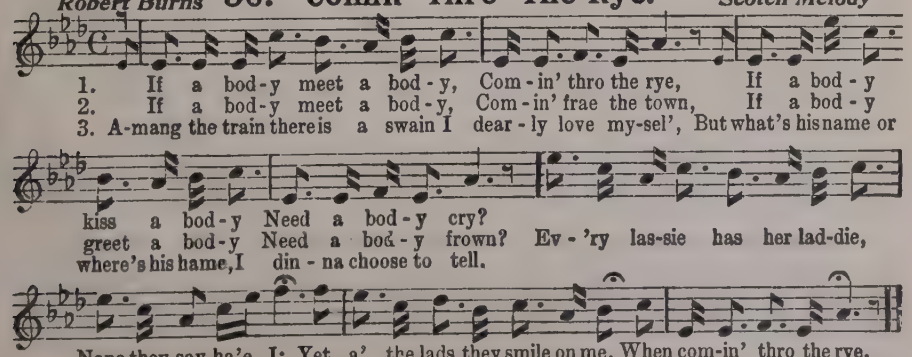
This poem was written by Ben Jonson, the great dramatist of England in Shakespeare's time. He called his poem "To Celia" and wrote it in the style of the Elizabethan period. The composer is unknown.

35. Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson (1573-1637) — *Old English Air*



Robert Burns — **36. Comin' Thro' The Rye.** — *Scotch Melody*



This is a very old Scotch folk-song, built on the pentatonic, or five-toned scale. Burns revised it and added the second and other stanzas, but the original words and tune go much farther back into old Scotch legend. It is sung throughout the English-speaking world especially at social gatherings.

37. Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns — *Scotch Air*

mf

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev - er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

This is another of those college songs whose authorship has been forgotten and which has been sung not only by college boys but by almost every group of people, young and old, in times of merriment.

38. Good - Night, Ladies

Sostenuto. *f*

1. Good - night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! We're
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! We're

Allegro. — *Repeat pp.* — *Ritard molto*

Mer - ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.

The little brown church of this song is said to stand in the town of Bradford, Iowa.

39. The Little Brown Church in the Vale

Dr. W. S. Pitts

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-li-er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a bright Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the clear ring-ing bell;

No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, O come to the church in the vale.
Come to the church in the wild-wood, O come to the church in the

rit. a tempo

O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

rit.

dale;

After 2nd verse, repeat Cho. pp

come, come, come. No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

This song has enjoyed great popularity for three generations. Mrs. Willard was a teacher and author of school books. The music was written by an Englishman, composer of many fine songs of the sea.

40. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Emma Willard — *J. P. Knight*

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds swept o'er the brine;

mf — *cresc.*

Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
Or tho' the tem-pest's fi-ery breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death! In

f

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
o-cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty. And

mf

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, And

cresc. — *dim.*

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

Dvořák, Bohemian by birth, spent three years in this country, (1892-5) and this melody is a reflection of that experience.

41. Massa Dear

(From the "New World" Symphony)

Frederic Manley — *Antonín Dvořák*

p Andante molto.

1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear, O look down a - while, Winds am still, heav'n am clear,
2. There's no song from the corn, And the nights are sad; Ban - jo strings dumb and torn
Day is done, here's the moon, Pal - in' ev - 'ry star; Don't you hear Mammy's croon

p

You can hear dis chile. All the home folks is gone, And I'm lonesome here; Work is o'er,
That were once so glad When some old neighbor's tune On the winds was borne; And the clear,
Sound-in' ev - 'ry-whar? There's a bird in the sky, Sweet an' low he sings; Laughter gay

p

day is done, Take me, mas-sa dear; Take me home, for de light Went a - way with you;
shin-ing moon Made the night like dawn! Take me home, joy and light Went a - way with you;
drawing nigh, How the ban-jo rings! Voic -es all lift a tune, Clear as sum-mer air,

p

cres. *f* *mf* *pp molto rit.* *pp*

1-2. Call me home from the night, As you used to do, As you used to do, As you used to do.
Tho' the Lord's' bove the moon, He can hear your pray'r, *He can hear your* pray'r, *He can hear your* pray'r.

cres. *f* *mf* *pp molto rit.* *pp*

Walter Kittredge, author and composer of this song, records that it was written at a time when he expected to go South to join the Union forces. He was rejected by the surgeon and could not go. Being a singer by profession he decided to do his part by "singing for Uncle Sam." Painting as it does one of the most pathetic sides of war, this song of his, one of the few that survived the war, is regarded as a splendid peace song to-day.

42. Tenting To-night

Words and Music by Walter Kittredge

Moderato.

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man - y are dead and gone

Our wear - y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand And the tear that said "Good-bye."
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wounded long.

CHORUS

Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts that are

look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp-ground.

MALE VOICE ARRANGEMENT OF THE CHORUS

Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts that are

Melody

Melody

look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tenting on the old camp-ground.

Melody

48. Gaily the Troubadour

Thomas H. Bayly ***Thomas H. Bayly***

1. Gai-ly the Trou-badour touch'd his guitar, When he was has-ten-ing home from the war.
2. She for the Trou-badour hope-less-ly wept; Sad-ly she thought of him when others slept.
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou-badour breathing her name, Un-der the bat-tle-ment soft-ly he came;

Sing-ing: "From Pal-es-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"
Sing-ing: "In search of thee would I might roam, Troubadour, trou-badour, come to thy home!"
Sing-ing: "From Pal-es-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"

Stephen Adams is the name under which Michael Maybrick published his popular songs of which "Nancy Lee" and "A Warrior Bold" are best known. He was born at Liverpool in 1844 and died only recently. The jolly character of the music and the simple story of domestic fidelity has kept it alive when most of the popular songs of its day are forgotten. There is a prelude of seven measures and five beats.

44. Nancy Lee

Frederick E. Weatherly — *Stephen Adams*

f With spirit

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo- ho! There's
2. The harbor's past, the breezes blow, . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo- ho! 'Tis
3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch below, . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo- ho! Then

none like Nan-cy Lee, I trow, . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! See
long ere we come back, I know, . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! But
here's a health be-fore we go, . . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! A

there she stands an' waves her hand up-on the quay, An' ev -'ry day when I'm a-way she'll watch for
true and bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack at
long, long life to my sweet wife an' mates at sea, An' keep my bones from Davy Jones where'er we

me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!
sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel-come me; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!
be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan- cy Lee; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!

The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be. Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the

sea; The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

Another song of English origin, voicing the same spirit of steadfast devotion expressed in Nancy Lee.

Prelude—3½ measures.

45. Out on the Deep

Allegro moderato — *Frederic N. Löhr*

mf — *cres.*

1. Out on the deep, when the sun is low, And the sea with splen-dor burns, With his
2. Out on the deep, when the sun is dead, And the first sweet star doth gleam, Of a

mf

sca - ly spoil, from his eve-ning toil, The fish - er home - ward turns, And his
day that is dead, and a love that is fled, The fish - er oft will dream, And he

cres.

oars flash bright, in the o - cean light, And he knows that eyes on shore, Look
thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star, She is still be - side as of yore, And his

f *f*

out on the deep, for his bright oar sweep, And he sings as he swings his oar: "A
oars gleam bright in its sweet pale light, And he sighs as he plies his oar: "A

long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys, And a song as a - long we
slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys, And a song as a - long we

cres. *dim.*

go, . For the hearts that yearn for our home re - turn, When the eve - ning
go, . For the star of Love that is bright a - bove, And its gleam in the

molto rall. *mf a tempo*

sun is low, When the eve - ning sun is low." . . . . . .
wave be - low, And its gleam in the wave be - low." . . . . . .

This charming boat song has become known all over the world. It originated in Naples, but the Venetian gondoliers consider it as much their own as do the Neapolitan fishermen who sing it in time to the gentle swing of the oar. "Santa Lucia" is the tutelary saint of the Neapolitans. (*c* before *i*, in Italian, is pronounced like *ch*, so sing *Lu-che-a.*)

46. Santa Lucia

Andantino **Neapolitan Boat Song**

p

1. { Now 'neath the sil - ver moon o - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
   Here balm - y breez - es blow, pure joys in - vite us, And as we gen - tly row,
2. { When o'er thy wa - ters light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
   To thee, sweet Na - po - li, what charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion,

1 2

soft winds are blow - ing;
all things de- (*Omit.*) light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry Joy - ous - ly
all care al - lay - ing: Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
toil blest by (*Omit.*) heav - en.

1 2

ech - oes nigh: San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! (*Omit.* . . . . .) San - ta Lu - ci - a!

Our people are becoming more conscious of the beauty and pathos to be found in the negro "spirituals" of which this is a fine example. In singing these songs great contrasts in loud and soft are desirable.

47. O Mary, Don't You Weep!

1st time mf: 2nd time pp — *Negro Melody*

O Ma - ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn, O Ma - ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn;

Pha - roh's ar - my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep! weep!

SOLO *(Small notes may be hummed as an accompaniment)*

The way of e - vil do - ing is - a wide and fair, And man - y, man - y, man - y they who
There was a might - y man who came on earth to save, Thro' Him we stem the tide of trib - u -

CHORUS *dying away pp rall.*

per - ish there; Pha - roh's ar - my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep!
la - tion's wave; Pha - roh's ar - my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep!

This "spiritual" is one of the best known of the Negro songs. It embodies in words and music the elemental fervor and emotion that characterize the religious manifestations of the African race. A wonderful and characteristic effect is produced by having the chorus prolong each time the word *home* while the solo singer begins the succeeding phrase. Great freedom is permissable in the rhythm of the solo parts.

48. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Melody

mp SOLO OR UNISON *mf* CHORUS *mp* SOLO

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-in' for to car - ry me home! Swing low, sweet

mf CHORUS FINE *f* SOLO

char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! 1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan an'
2. If you get . . there be -
3. I'm some - times up an'

ff CHORUS SOLO

what did I see, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! A
fore . . I do, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! Jess
some - times down, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! But

mf *mp* CHORUS *rall.* . . . D.C. *al Fine*

band of an - gels com - in' af - ter me, Com - in' for to car - ry me home!
tell my frien's that I'm a - com - in' too, Com - in' for to car - ry me home!
still my soul feels heav - en - ly . . boun', Com - in' for to car - ry me home!

This also is among the best known Negro songs. All of them possess a quality of exaltation and sincerity not surpassed in any form of Folk music. As in most of the negro "spirituals," these songs begin with the refrain, which should be repeated after each verse.

49. Steal Away

Negro Melody

mp *mp*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus. Steal a - way, steal a - way home,

:S: *mf* FINE *ff* UNISON

I ain't got long to stay here. 1. My Lord calls me, He
2. Green trees bend - ing, Poor
3. My Lord calls me, He

D.S. *al Fine*

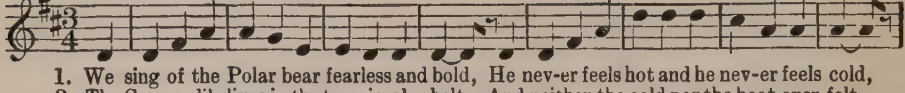
calls me by the thun - der; The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul!
sin - ner stands a - trem - bling; The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul!
calls me by the light - ning; The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul!

This melody is the old tune, "Wilkins and His Dinah," and is here amplified by the refrain of a well-known College Song.

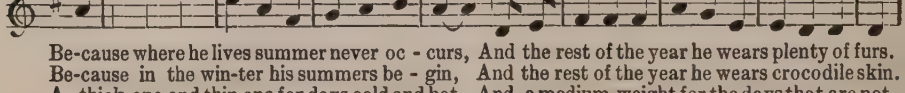
50. The Climate

David Stevens — *Old Melody*

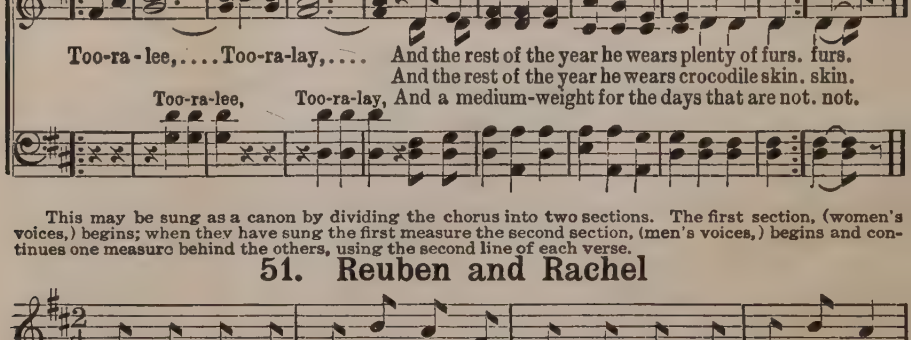
Waltz time. Lightly.



1. We sing of the Polar bear fearless and bold, He nev-er feels hot and he nev-er feels cold,
2. The Croc-o-dile lives in the trop-ic-al belt, And neither the cold nor the heat ever felt,
3. Now we poor unfortunates live in a clime That calls for at least three full suits at a time;



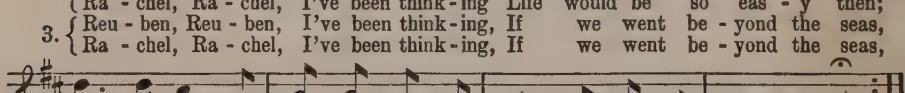
Be-cause where he lives summer never oc - curs, And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs.
Be-cause in the win-ter his summers be - gin, And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin.
A thick one and thin one for days cold and hot, And a medium-weight for the days that are not.



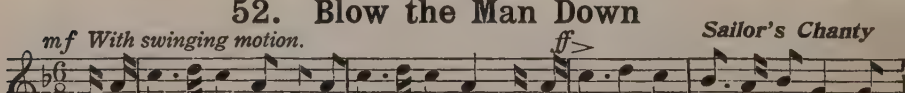
Too-ra - lee, ... Too-ra-lay, ... And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs. furs.
And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin. skin.
Too-ra-lee, Too-ra-lay, And a medium-weight for the days that are not. not.

This may be sung as a canon by dividing the chorus into two sections. The first section, (women's voices,) begins; when they have sung the first measure the second section, (men's voices,) begins and continues one measure behind the others, using the second line of each verse.

51. Reuben and Rachel



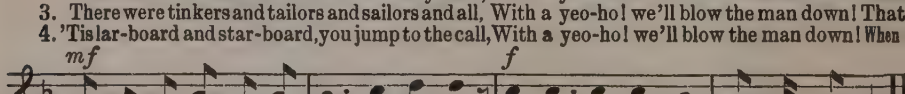
1. { Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing What a queer world this would be,
   { Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing What a queer world this would be,
2. { Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing Life would be so eas - y then;
   { Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing Life would be so eas - y then;
3. { Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing, If we went be - yond the seas,
   { Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing, If we went be - yond the seas,



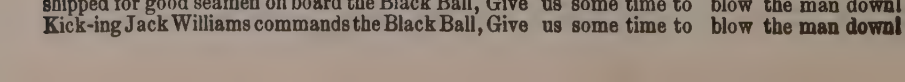
{ If the men were all trans-port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
{ If the girls were all trans-port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
{ What a love - ly world this would be If there were no tire - some men!
{ What a love - ly world this would be If you'd leave it to the men!
{ All the men would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of hum - ble - bees!
{ All the girls would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of hon - ey - bees!

52. Blow the Man Down

mf With swinging motion. — *Sailor's Chanty*



1. Come, all ye young fellows that follow the sea, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And
2. On board the Black Baller I first served my time, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And
3. There were tinkers and tailors and sailors and all, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! That
4. 'Tis lar-board and star-board, you jump to the call, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! When



please pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten to me, Give us some time to blow the man down!
in the Black Ball-er I wast - ed my time, Give us some time to blow the man down!
shipped for good seamen on board the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!
Kick-ing Jack Williams commands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!

The zest with which songs of this type are sung by the young and old testifies to the need of "a little nonsense now and then" as a legitimate outlet for the high spirits and good feeling that prevail in social gatherings.

53. The Bull Dog on the Bank

(FOR MALE VOICES)

College Song

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, Oh! the bull-dog on the
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, Oh! the bull-dog stooped to
3. Says the mon-key to the owl: Says the monkey to the

SOLO, FIRST BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"

f CHORUS. *Allegro*

bank, *Air* Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
catch him, Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him And the
owl: Says the mon-key to the owl: "Oh!

SOLO, SECOND BASS. *rit. ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"

bull-frog in the pool; The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter fool.
snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so ver-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."

Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing

Repeat pp

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

The origin of this song is uncertain; probably it came from the South. Many versions of text have been printed, but the first verse and chorus here given have the authority of usage, while the other verses seem to be sufficiently characteristic. In keeping with the original character of the song it is effective to have the first phrase sung by a single voice or the men in unison, all the voices entering with the harmony of the second phrase.

54. Levee Song

American Melody

Single voice or all voices in unison. *All voices in harmony.*

1. Oh, I was bo'n in Mo - bile town, I'm wuk - kin' on de lev - ee,
   All day I roll de cot - ton down, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.
2. I use' to have a dawg name' Bill, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee;
   He run a - way but I'm here still A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.
3. Dat li'l ole dawg set up an' beg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee,
   Till I done give him chick - en. leg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.

CHORUS.

I've been wuk-kin' on de rail-road All de live-long day; I've been wukkin' on de rail - road, To pass de time a - way. Doan' yo' hyar de whis- tle blow - in', Rise up so ear -ly in the mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap-'n shout-in': "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!"

55. The Mosquito's Serenade

Words and Music by Harvey Worthington Loomis

p

1. Zz-z-z-z . . . The mos - qui - to is sing - ing, O hark!
2. Zz-z-z-z . . . He has spec - ta - cles made for the night,

1 2 *ff*

Zz-z-z-z . . . And he al - ways tunes up in the dark.
Zz-z-z-z . . . So he's a - ble to see where to bite—*Zzt!*

56. Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

American Song

SOLO OR UNISON — CHORUS

1. { The ship is sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye;
   { My heart will ev - er-more be true, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye;
2. { Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye;
   { Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye;

SOLO — CHORUS

We may not meet for man - y a day, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

rit.

By-low, my ba - by, By-low, my ba- by, By-low, my ba-by, Good - bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

Variety may be obtained in repetitions of this song by substituting for the words "Our Boys" the name of an individual, etc.

57. Our Boys Will Shine To-Night

American

Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will shine, Our boys will shine to-night, All down the line;

Our boys will shine tonight, Our boys will shine, When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our boys will shine.

This tune, sometimes called "Turkey in the Straw," is an old-fashioned reel, and has many variants. This version is one of the most common. The vocal part here is simplified to make it more singable.

David Stevens **58. Old Zip Coon** *Old American Tune*

VIOLIN

1. There was once a man with a dou - ble chin Who per-formed with skill on the
2. So the neigh-bors said: "Will you kind - ly play Nel - lie Bly or Where are the
3. So they took that man with the dou - ble chin, All his world - ly goods and the
4. They have left him there by the deep blue sea, Where he lives a - lone in a

vi - o - lin, And he play'd in time, and he played in tune, But he
Flow'rs of May? An - y tune will do if it's not that tune, But he
vi - o - lin, And they shipped him off to a for - eign shore Where the
hol - low tree; And he plays that tune and it nev - er ends, So it

nev - er play'd an - y - thing but old Zip Coon. Old Zip Coon he played all day, Un -
would-n't play an - y - thing but old Zip Coon. Old Zip Coon he played all night Un -
na-tives had nev - er heard the tune be - fore. Old Zip Coon he played all day, Un -
is - n't sur - pris - ing that he has no friends. Old Zip Coon he plays all day, There's

til he drove his friends a - way; He played all night by the light of the moon,
til the owls and bats took flight; His friends all begged for a dif - fer - ent tune,
til the na - tives ran a - way; He played and played by the light of the moon,
no one left to run a - way; And still he thinks it's a beau - ti - ful tune,

1 to 3 *last verse*

And he wouldn't play an - y-thing but Old Zip Coon.
But he wouldn't play an - y-thing but Old Zip Coon.
Till they wished they had never heard of Old Zip Coon.
And (*Omit* . . . . .) That is the his - to - ry of Old Zip Coon.

This bit of nonsense was a favorite camp-song with the soldier, during the Great War. It illustrates the philosophic good humor which is an outstanding characteristic of the United States Army and Navy.

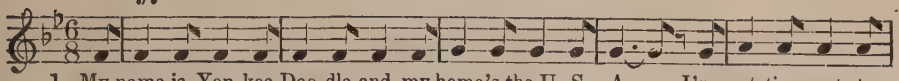
59. Today is Monday

1. To-day is Mon-day, To - day is Mon - day, Mon - day bread and but - ter,
2. To-day is Tues-day, To - day is Tues - day, Tues - day string - beans,
3. To-day is Wednesday, To - day is Wednesday, Wednesday sou - *oo* - oup,

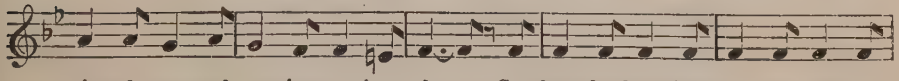
All you hun - gry sol - diers, we wish the same to you!

4. To-day is Thursday. Roast beef, etc.
5. To-day is Friday. Fish, etc.
6. To-day is Saturday. Pay-day, etc.
7. To-day is Sunday. Church (Ding dong,) etc.

Richard D. Ware **60. Yankee Doodle-oodle!** *College tune*

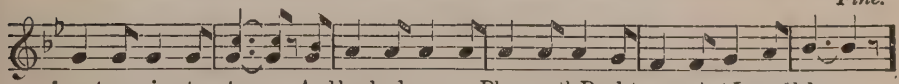


1. My name is Yan-kee Doo-dle and my home's the U. S. A., I'm get-ting pret-ty
2. One day there came an In-di-an with tom-a-hawk in hand And said that I was
3. I had a time in sev'n-ty-six with Uncle George the Third, I got a tri-fle
4. I had an al-ter-ca-tion in the spring of nine-ty-eight, When Dewey made a
5. I like to en-ter-tain my friends and ask them in to dine; I give them what they

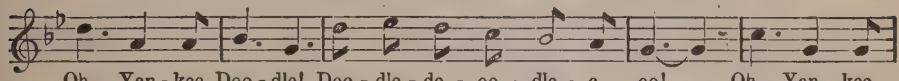


hus-ky now and grow-ing ev-'ry day. Co-lum-bus brought me o-ver here in
tres-pass-ing up-on his pri-vate land; But Po-ca-hon-tas came a-long and
pee-vish then, as most of you have heard; I gave a lit-tle so-cia-ble at
few re-marks that car-ried lots of weight. I did some fan-cy bot-tling down in
want to eat—but don't set up the wine. I've got an e-ven tem-per as 'most

Fine.

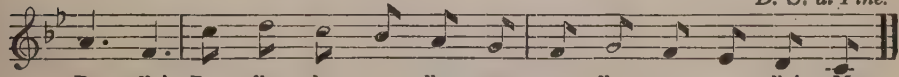


four-teen-nine-ty-two, And land-ed me on Ply-mouth Rock to see what I would do.
in-tro-duced the myth That I was just an Englishman whose name was Cap-tain Smith.
Bos-ton-by-the-sea, And ev-er since, the har-bor tastes of Eng-lish break-fast tea.
San-ti-a-go Bay And fixed it so Cer-ve-ra found it hard to get a-way.
ev-'ry-bod-y knows, Pro-vid-ed folks will just re-frain from tread-ing on my toes.



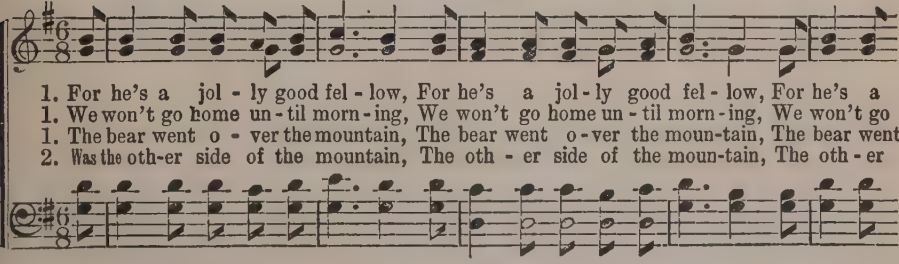
Oh, Yan-kee Doo-dle! Doo-dle-de-oo-dle-e-oo! Oh, Yan-kee

D. S. al Fine.



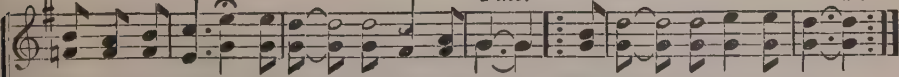
Doo-dle! Doo-dle-de-oo-dle-e-oo-dle-e-oo-dle! My

61. For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!



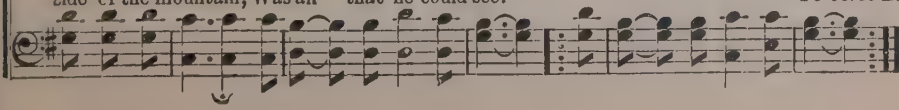
1. For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a
1. We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go
1. The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went o-ver the moun-tain, The bear went
2. Was the oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er side of the moun-tain, The oth-er

Fine. *D. C.*



jol-ly good fel-low, Which no-bod-y can de-ny! Which no-bod-y can de-ny,
home un-til morn-ing, Till day-light doth ap-pear! Till day-light doth ap-pear!
o-ver the mountain, To see what he could see! (*Yell*) And all that he could see—
side of the mountain, Was all that he could see!

To verse 2.



This, the most rollicking of our National Songs, was written and composed for a negro minstrel show, by **Daniel Decatur Emmett.** Only two of the many verses are here given. Another version, "The U. S. A. Forever," written by Angus S. Hibbard, is included. The song, as originally written, was instantaneously successful and became a Confederate war-song. Since then it has become a favorite throughout this country and as a band composition is played all over the world.

62. Dixie

Words and Music by Dan Emmett

mf Allegro

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Dars buckwheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter, Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fat-ter,

f

Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To

f

Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
Dix-ie Land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll

take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

The U. S. A. Forever

1. Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing today,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United, firm, with every state,
To make a nation good and great,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

2. The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United States and hearts and hands
Will make the greatest of all lands,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS:— The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above
The U. S. A. forever.
Hurray! hurray! the U. S. A. forever!
Hurray! hurray! the Stars and Stripes forever.

A round which by its words and its bugle-like music recalls hunting scenes in England.

63. Merrily, Merrily

English

1. 2.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn: Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.

3. 4.

Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, and far a - way.

This is a Neapolitan song known in Italy as "Funiculi-Funicula," so called because it was written to celebrate the opening of the funicular railroad (cars drawn by cable) up Mt. Vesuvius. It became a popular street-song in Naples and has spread to all parts of the world. It portrays the care-free life of the Italian idler.

64. A Merry Life

From the Italian *Denza*

Solo *Chorus*

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frol-ic, . And so do I! . . And so do I! . .
2. Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well! And like it well!

Solo *Chorus* *Solo*

Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh; But
For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying, So can-not tell! So can-not tell! With

Chorus *Solo*

I, I love to spend my time in singing, Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song; To
laugh and dance and song the day soon passes, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For

f *Chorus*

set the air with mu-sic bravely ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses To call their own! To call their own!

f *1st time Solo* *p*

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-

mf *f*

la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la - la! Joy is ev'rywhere, Tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la-la!

The origin of this grand old hymn is unknown, but the words come from an old Italian hymn of the 13th century. The tune has been variously attributed to Reading, Thurley, and to the Cisterian monks. The verses in italics are from the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," frequently sung to this tune, and said to have been the favorite hymn of the late Theodore Roosevelt.

65. O Come, All Ye Faithful

Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841
George Keith

John Reading

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith.. in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God... and will

Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of An-gels: O come, let us a-
heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God..... In the high-est: O come, let us a-
ex-cellent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
righteous om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.

Thomas Moore

66. Vesper Hymn

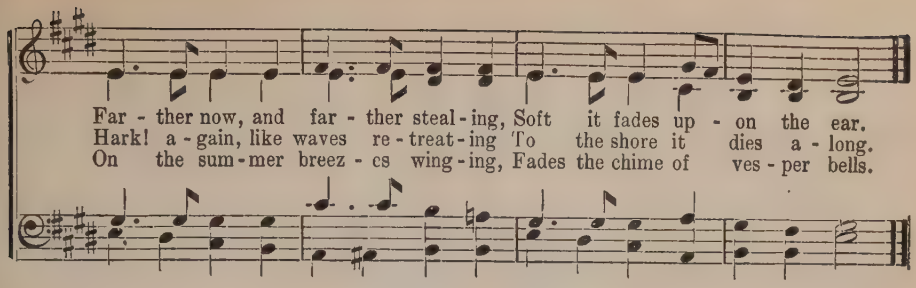
Russian Air

Allegretto.

mf

1. { Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
   { Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.
2. { Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a-long;
   { Now like an-gry surg-es meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.
3. { Once a-gain sweet voic-es ring-ing, Loud-er still the mu-sic swells;
   { While on sum-mer breez-es wing-ing, Comes the chime of ves-per bells.

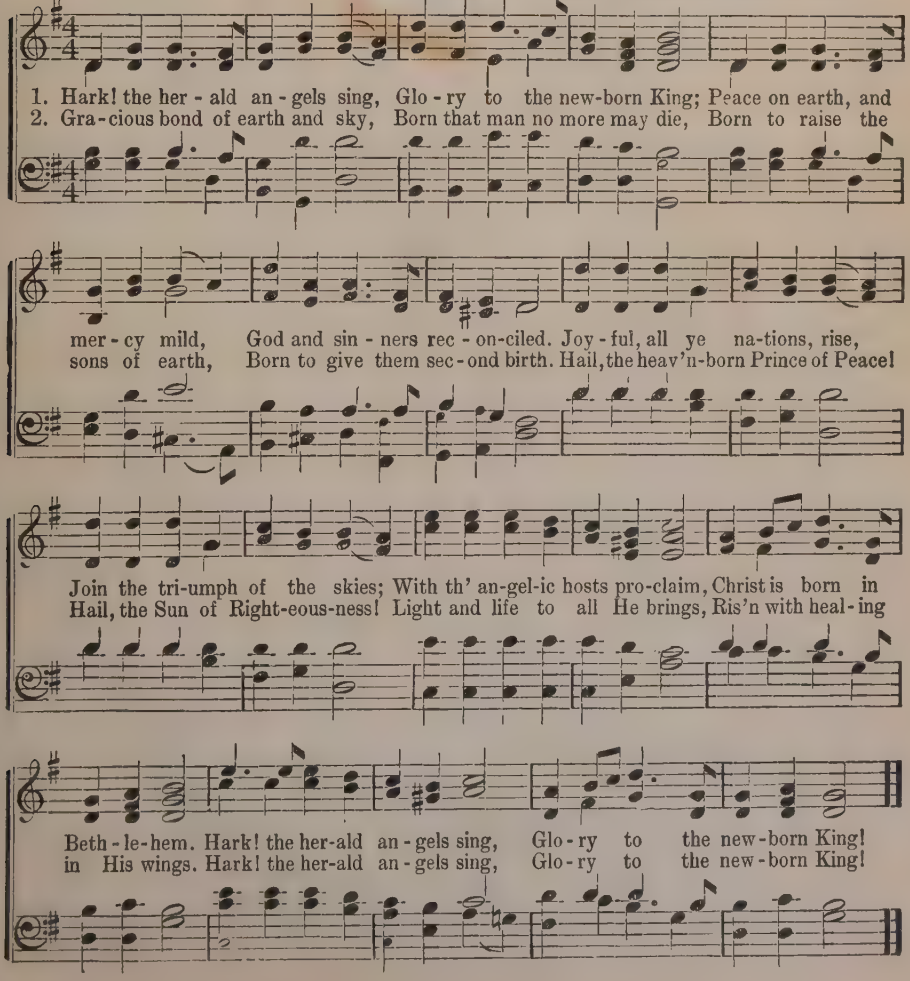
Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men.



The words of this song were written by Charles Wesley, the great hymn writer. This has the distinction of being the only hymn by Wesley which was printed in the hymn book accompanying the Church of England's "Book of Common Prayer." It was written and published in 1739.

67. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

C. Wesley — *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*



This is a processional hymn written in 1865 by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, for an English School Festival. It has become the marching song for the church militant.

68. Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould — *Arthur S. Sullivan*

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe:
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King!

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go.
One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

69. Three Blind Mice

(ROUND)

1. Three blind mice, Three blind mice,
2. See how they run! See how they run! They
3. all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife, She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife, Did
4. ev - er you see such a sight in your life As three blind mice....

The words of this famous hymn were written by an English woman who died in 1848. Probably no hymn is more deeply loved by the people. The words were written in 1840, but it was not until 1860, when Dr. Lowell Mason's setting was composed, that the hymn attained its wide-spread popularity in this country.

Sarah F. Adams **70. Nearer, My God, to Thee** *Lowell Mason*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D. S.—*Near - er, my God, to Thee,*

Fine. D. S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

When the Parliament of Religions met during the Columbian Exposition, the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," and the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, were the two exercises in which the representatives of every Creed known to man could join. The author, Cardinal Newman (1801–1890), wrote the words in illness and under great mental strain. Dr. Dykes (1823–1876), was a famous English hymn composer.

John Henry Newman **71. Lead, Kindly Light** *John B. Dykes*

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path: but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And, with the morn, those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Like that other great community hymn, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, this song appeals because it voices a universal cry of the human heart. The composer, who also wrote the words of the chorus, was an American clergyman.

72. I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. A. S. Hawkes ***Robert Lowry, D.D.***

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh make me Thine in-deed, Thou blessed Son.

CHORUS

I need Thee, oh I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I need Thee; Oh bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee.

These words, written about 1850, find an echo in the hearts of all civilized people of the earth. "Thrones and crowns" are no longer significant, and the fervent appeal to save "not kings and lords, but men," might have been uttered by an author of today.

73. When Wilt Thou Save the People?

Ebenezer Elliott ***Josiah Booth***

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? Not kings and lords, but
2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong? Is it Thy will, O
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? The peo - ple, Lord, the

mf

na - tions, Not crowns and thrones, but men! Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Fa - ther, That man shall toil for wrong? "No," say Thy moun-tains; "No," Thy skies;
peo - ple; Not crowns and thrones, but men! God save the peo - ple; Thine they are,

mf

f

Let them not pass like weeds away, Their her-i-tage a sun-less day, God save the peo - ple!
Man's clouded sun shall bright-ly rise, And songs be heard instead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!
Thy children, as Thy angels fair; Save them from bondage and despair, God save the peo - ple!

f

This stirring composition, called "Italian Hymn," was written by Giardini Felice (1716-1796), and with these words has become one of the most widely used hymns. The words, generally attributed to Charles Wesley, appeared in 1756. The hymn has been translated into several languages and is sung by many nations.

74. Come, Thou Almighty King

C. Wesley — *F. De Giardini*

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend! Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!

The "First Nowell" is one of the four oldest English Christmas carols adapted from old mediæval Nowells. The French word Noel is not only used to name Christmas day but also as a greeting, much as we say "Merry Christmas."

75. The First Nowell

Words traditional — *Traditional*

mf

1. The first Now - ell the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shining in the East be - yond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the North-west, O'er Beth - le - hem it took its rest,
4. Then en - tered in those wise-men three, Full rev - 'rent - ly up - on their knee,

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
And there it did both stop and stay Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
And of - fered there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank - in-cense.

ff CHORUS.

Now-ell, Now - ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

The tune is called Aurelia. Samuel S. Wesley (1810–1876), was a nephew of John and Charles Wesley, the great preachers and hymn writers. The most commonly used words for this hymn begin "The Church's one foundation." Dr. Patten, author of the words printed here, has endeavored to supply a number of the old hymn-tunes with texts which voice the new spirit of Democracy in America.

Simon N. Patten

76. To-morrow

Samuel S. Wesley

1. O God, of all the Mak - er, Thy gift as seer dis - play, Re - veal to us the glo - ry Of Thy long-prom-ised day. Is not the time ap - proach-ing, By proph-ets long fore-told, When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep-herd and one fold?
2. May all that now di - vides us Re - solve and pass a - far Like shad-ows flee with dark-ness Be - fore the morn - ing star. May faith in man grow strong - er, May strife and discord cease, The scar of war ef - fac - ing Thro' har-mo - ny and peace.
3. To - mor-row, O, to - mor-row, What hope we have in thee To gain the crowning beau - ty Of what is yet to be. When all the world a - bout us Shall ev - er-more improve, When high and low com-bin - ing As broth-ers on-ward move.
4. To - mor-row, O, to - mor - row Re-plete with wholesome joy, No more shall pain and sor - row Hu - man - i - ty an - noy. In sweet an - tic - i - pa - tion We bear the hard de - lay To share with all cre - a - tion Thy long, long-promised day.

This universally loved Christmas hymn was written in 1818. Its author described the little poem as "simple and childlike, but well-meant." Both author and composer, sons of poor parents, were born at the close of the 18th century.

77. Silent Night

Joseph Möhr

Franz Grüber

pp

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon vir- gin mother and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heav- en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo-ries stream from Heaven a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu - ia, Christ, the Sav-iour, is born! Christ, the Saviour, is born!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra-diant beams from Thy ho-ly face, With the dawn of re - deeming grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

This merry traditional Welsh tune sets forth more clearly than many pages of discourse the jollity of the old Yuletide celebrations which prevailed for many years in England and many other sections of the British Isles. The fa-la-la chorus, abandoning words for the jollier neutral syllables, is characteristic of many songs of this nature.

78. Deck the Hall

Old Welsh Air

1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
2. 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
3. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Don we now our gay ap - par - el, Fa la la la la la la.
Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa la la la la la la.
Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la.

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la la la la la.
While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la la la la la.

79. Welcome, Sweet Springtime

Anton Rubinstein

mf

Wel-come, sweet Spring-time! We greet thee in song, Mur-murs of glad- ness fall on the ear,
Sun-shine now wakes all the flow'r -ets from sleep, Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the air;

D.S. *Sing then, ye birds: raise your voic - es on high; Flow'r-ets, a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom!*

Fine.

Voic - es long hush'd now their full notes pro - long, Ech - o - ing far and near.
Snow-drop and prim- rose both tim - id - ly peep, Hail - ing the glad new year.
Spring-time is come! and sweet Sum-mer is nigh, Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

Balm - y and life-breathing breezes are blow - ing, Swift-ly to na- ture new vig-or be-stow - ing.

rit. *D.S.*

Ah! how my heart beats with rap-ture a - new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a - gain meet my view.

This stirring chorus is arranged from the composition for men's voices in the opera "Faust" by Charles Gounod, the French composer (1818-1893). Accompanied by a great orchestra in the pit and full military band on the stage, this composition forms one of the great climaxes of the opera.

80. Soldiers' Chorus

(From "Faust")

Charles Gounod (Arr.)

Tempo marziale

f

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold;

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Both read-y to fight and read-y to die for

p

Fa - ther-land! Who needs bid-ding to dare by a trum - pet blown?

cres. *f*

Who lacks pit - y to spare when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe if a-

lone or lost? And boast he was true, as cow-ard might do when per - il is past?

pp *cres.*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old! Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold,

f *cres. molto.* *ff*

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight for Fa - ther-land.

p

Now to home a - gain we come, the long and fi-ery strife of bat-tle o - ver;

Rest is pleasant aft - er toil as hard as ours beneath a stranger sun.....

hard,.....as hard as ours beneath a stranger sun, And

p

Man - y a maiden fair is waiting here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And man-y a

cres.

heart..... will fail and brow..... grow pale to hear,..... to hear the

will fail..... and brow grow pale..... to hear, to hear..... the

dim. *p* *cres.*

tale of cru - el per - il he has run..... And man-y a heart,..... and man-y a

And man - y a heart will fail, will fail,

f *dim.* *p*

heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has run.

cres. molto.

We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

ff

Glo - ry and love to the men of old; Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold!

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight for Fa - ther-

land! All read-y to fight, or read-y to die for Fa - ther-land! All read-y to

rit.

fight, or read-y to die, or read-y to die, for Fa - ther - land!

"Send Out Thy Light" is one of a number of exceptionally effective anthems composed by Gounod. This celebrated French composer had deep religious convictions, and wrote a large number of sacred compositions which are almost as well known as his famous masterpiece, the opera, "Faust." The anthem is simplified and abbreviated in this edition.

81. Send Out Thy Light

Charles Gounod (*Abr.*)

Adagio molto — *Moderato*

ff — *pp*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

cres. — *dim.* — *p* — *cres.*

O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

f — *dim.*

O let them lead me,

O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly hill, let them

O let them lead me,

cres. O let them lead me; *f* — *dim.* — *p* — *p*

lead, let them lead me; O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord, we will praise Thee,

(*Omit 2nd time*)

O let them lead me;

cres. — *f* — *ff* — *ff*

Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the

ff — 2 — *pp adagio.*

harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!

ff

The music of the North American Indian may be called "the wild flowers of song." Although it is not always wholly agreeable to unaccustomed ears, it is frequently interwoven with melodies of singular beauty and purity. The following song, recorded by Carlos Troyer and arranged by Harvey W. Loomis from an authentic source, is ritualistic in character like the greater part of Indian music. The Indian words are given phonetically. The piano part is needed for the full effect of this song. (See Complete Edition.)

82. The Sun Worshippers

English words by H. W. Loomis — *Zuñi Indian Melody*

ECHO *pp* — *mp*

Wah! tah-ho! tah-ho! . *Wah! tah-ho! tah-ho!* Wah! oot-tah-ho, nah-wee-
Rise, a-rise, a-rise! . *Rise, a-rise, a-rise!* The dawn is here, day is

tahn ah-lo Wah! oot-tah-ho, tah-hee mahn-ah-lo. Mah-yah nah-wee; zoo-mee
call-ing thee. The dawn is here; ev-er thank-ful be. Might-y Day-god, he is

f

teth-lah-nee! Mah-yah nah-wee, zoo-mee tahn-ah-lee. . . . Wah! tah-ho! . tah-
watch-ing thee. Glo-rious Life-god, he is guard-ing thee . . . Rise, a-rise, a-

pp — *mf*

ho! . *Wah! . tah-ho! . tah-ho!* May-yah zoo-lah ven-oo yahn-ah-lah, tahn-oh
rise! . *Rise! . a-rise, a-rise!* Glow-ing Spir-it, light the way for us; Aid thy

f — *pp*

may-hay, tahn-oh tay-hah, Wahn-ah-loo! *Wahn-ah-loo!* Zahn-oo-vya-vee, zahn-oo-
chil-dren, save thy peo-ple. Greet the dawn! *Greet the dawn!* Hear the ech-o, ev-'ry

f — *pp* — *mp*

tahn-day-may, ten-thlo mah-nee Nah-vee-zoo-mah. Wahn-gah-loo! *Wahn-gah-loo!* Wah!
heart re-sponds to the mu-sic of the sun-light. Hail the morn! *Hail the morn!* The

oot-tah-ho! nah-wee tahn-ah-lo. Wah! oot-tah-ho! tah-hee
dawn is here, day is call-ing thee; The dawn is here, ev-er

p

Wah! oot-tah-ho! . . . nah-wee tahn-ah-lo. . . Wah! oot-tah-ho! . .
The dawn is here, . . day is call-ing thee; . The dawn is here, .

mahn-ah-lo. Mah-yah nah-wee, zoo-mee teth-lah-nee! Mah-yah
thank-ful be. Might-y Day god, he is watch-ing thee, Glo-rious

mf

. . tah-hee mahn-ah-lo. . . . Mah-yah-nah-wee, . . zoo-mee teth-lah-nee! .
. . ev-er thank-ful be. . . . Might-y Day god, . . he is watching thee, .

nah - wee zoo - mee tahn - ah - lee. . . . . .
Life - god, he is guard-ing thee. . . . . .

mp *dim.*

. . Mah - yah nah - wee . . . zoo-mee tahn - ah - lee. . . . . .
. . Glo - rious Life - god, . . . he is guard-ing thee. . . . . .

f

Wah! tah - ho! . tah - ho! . . . . . .
Rise, a - rise, . a - rise! . . . . . .

pp

(Echo) Wah! tah - ho . . tah - ho! . . . .
Rise! a - rise, . a - rise! . . . .

This is the most famous of the songs composed by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and in the light of its present popularity it is interesting to recall that Sullivan first offered the song to the great publishing house of Chappel in London, and when they refused it, the composer took it to Boosey & Company who have sold probably a million copies. The version printed here is arranged from the original solo.

83. The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Procter ***Sir Arthur Sullivan (Arranged)***

Andante moderato.

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my

cres.

fin-gers wandered i - dly O - ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was playing, Or

dim. *cres.*

what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-

f *poco rall.* *dim.* SOP. AND ALTO UNISON.

men, Like the sound of a great A - men. It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the

dim.

close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir - it, With a touch of in - fi-nite

cres. *dim.*

calm; It qui - et- ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife; It seemed the harmonious

tranquillo sempre. BASS AND TENOR UNISON.

ech - o From our dis-cor-dant life; It linked all per-plex-ed meanings In-to one per-fect peace,

f agitato.

And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loath to cease. I have sought, but I seek it

poco a poco più animato.

vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the or -gan, And en-tered in-to mine.

UNISON. *f grandioso.*

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord again, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A- men; It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-

ff rit.

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.

84. The Heavens Resound

Andreas Hofer — *Arr. from Beethoven*

f *sf* *p*

1. The heav'ns resound with His prais-es e - ter - nal, In might and glo - ry they com - bine To
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In His right hand He holds them all; His

sf

cres. **p*

tell His name thro' earth and the o - ceans That man may hear the word di- vine. He holds the
chil-dren, we, in love and de - vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa-ther,

cres. *f*

suns in the blue vaulted heavens, He plants His foot up-on the world; The myr-iad stars bow in
hear! we, Thy sons, bring our blessings, Our pray'rful thanks to Thee we raise; The heav'ns resound; break, O

ff

will-ing sub-jec-tion; The u - ni - verse His hand un-furl'd, The u - ni- verse His hand un-furl'd.
earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

* The accompaniment here has 1, 4 and 3 beats interlude, omitted here for lack of space.

85. Ho! Every Sleeper Waken

(ROUND)

Anon.

1 2

Ho! ev - 'ry sleep - er wak - en! The sun is in the sky. Come, rise, come,

3

rise, And hear the cuck - oo cry. Cuck - oo! Cuck-oo! Wake up! Be spry!

This song, with its allusion to the beloved Maid of Orleans, was a source of inspiration on the battle fields of France. The middle section is the refrain of an old French "bergeret" or shepherd song.

86. Marche Lorraine

Tr. by Cordelia Brooks Fenno — *Louis Ganne (Arranged)*

f Martial.

1. Oh, hap - py sons of bright Lorraine, Sing the strain Once again, The tale of the won-der-ful
2. 'Twas thus our soldiers fought the fight, Bro't the light, After night, And thus was re-kin-dled the
3. Lor-raine, no foe shall thee de-spoil, Sa-cred soil, Hallowed soil! In man-y a bat - tle the

maid-en brave Who lived in fair Mo - selle; Now sing un - til the ech-oes thrill Vale and hill,
spark of hope In our sweet land of France. And thus our men, with heart and hand, Made their stand,
foe has learned That we still fight for thee! Like Joan we'll fight for fair Lorraine, Once a-gain

mf

Ring-ing still, In tell-ing the sto-ry our fa-thers told That shall never grow old. Joan of
Gal-lant band! All singing the praise of the shepherd maid In bright armor arrayed. Joan of
Sing the strain, Still led by the sword of the shepherd maid In bright armor arrayed. Joan of

Lightly.

1 2

{ sweet Lorraine, her lit - tle feet in wood-en shoes, Gen - tle
{ shep-herd-ess a-mong her flock of lambs and ewes, (*Omit*.....).... Cast a-side her frock of

f

wool and clad her - self in ar - mor bright, Oh, - o - oh! Clad in ar - mor bright,

mf *ff*

And thus ar-rayed, All un - dis-mayed, Went forth to fight for her king!

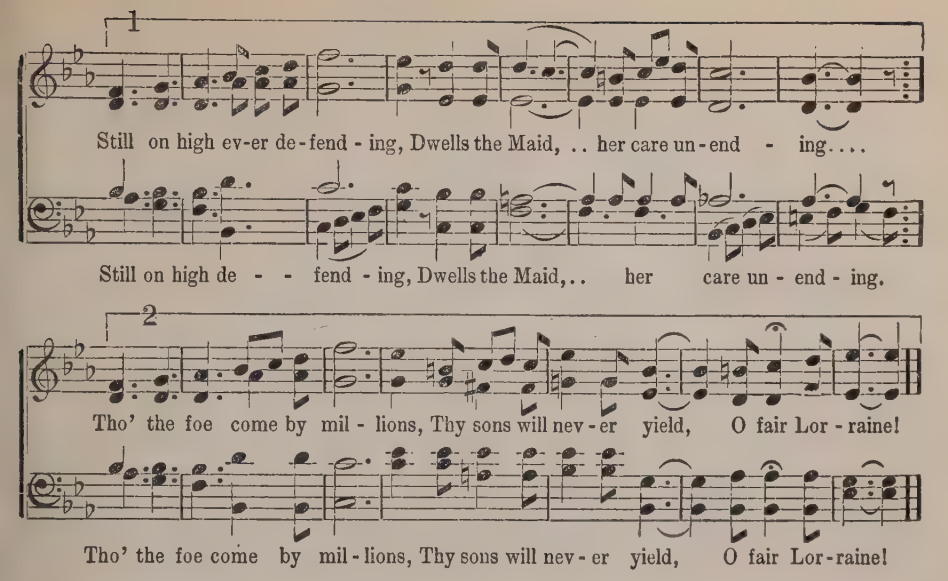
ff

ff CHORUS.

{ Proud are we, sons of Lor - raine,..... From the hill or the plain;....
{ Men of France, ev - er read - y, Strong of arm, brave and stead - y,

ff

{ Proud the sons of fair Lor - raine, From the hill or from the plain;
{ Men of France are ev - er read-y, Strong of arm, and ev - er stead-y,



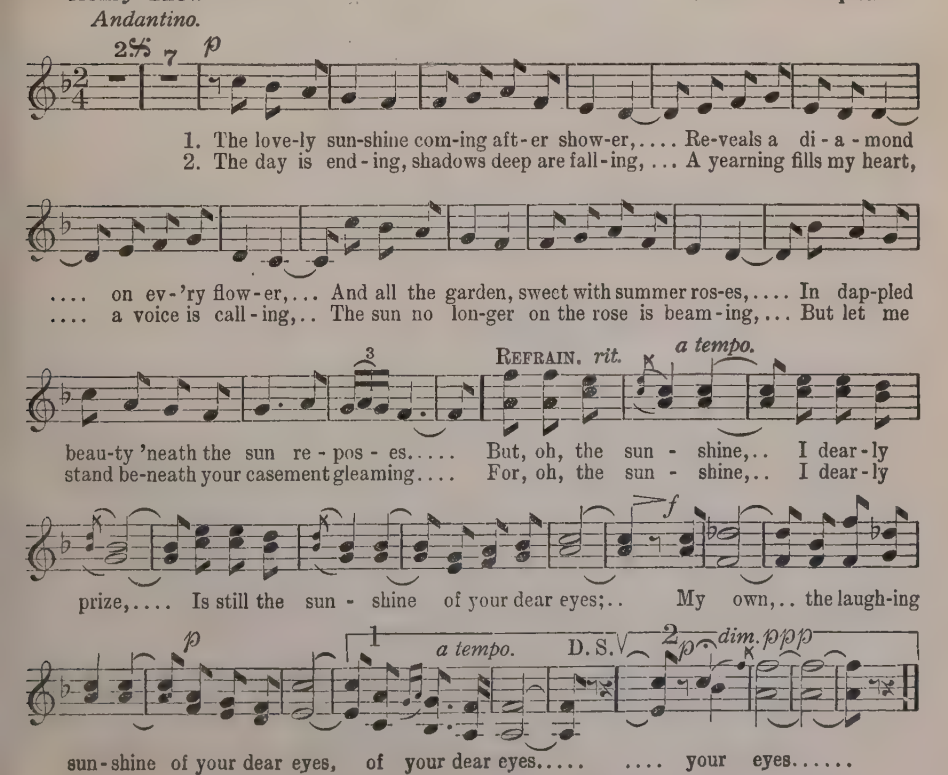
The popular songs of Italy are usually sung in unison; only occasionally, as in the example here given, is a second, underpart, added.

87. My Sunshine

(O Sole Mio)

Henry Snow — *Eduardo di Capua*

Andantino.



88. Palm Branches

English Version by Sidney Rowe — *J. Faure*

Maestoso

1. O'er all the way are palms and blos - soms gay, Strewn on this day in fes - tal
2. Thou, too, re - joice, oh, blest Je - ru - sa - lem! Let all thy chil-dren sing the

prep - a - ra - tion; Com - eth our Lord to take our grief a - way,
lib - er - a - tion; By grace di - vine the God of Beth - le - hem

rall. *a tempo*

Lo! now the throngs approach and hom-age pay. Sing and re-joice! All peo - ple sing!
Crown-eth our hope with faith, its di - a - dem. Sing and re-joice! All peo - ple sing!

Let ev - 'ry voice be raised in ac - cla - ma - tion; Ho - san - na!

O, sing and re-joice!

largamente *largo*

Praise ye the Lord! Praise Him who cometh to bring us sal - va - - - tion.

This is one of the cherished Christmas songs of the world, without which no observance of that Festival would seem complete.

89. Cantique de Noël

Andante maestoso — *Adolphe Adam*

1. O Ho - ly Night! the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the
2. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is

night of the dear Sav-iour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and er - ror
love and His gos - pel is peace. Chains shall He break, for the slave is our

pin - ing. Till He ap-peared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
broth - er, And in His name all op - pres - sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in

wea - ry world re - joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn.
grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us . praise His ho - ly name.

Fall on your knees!.. Oh, hear the an-gel voic-es! O night di-vine, O
Christ is the Lord! .. Then ev - er, ev-er praise we, His pow'r and glo - ry

night when Christ was born, O night, O ho - ly night, O night di-vine!
ev - er-more pro-claim! His pow'r and glo - ry ev-er-more pro-claim!

This classic air, from the opera "Xerxes," has become immortal. The opera was written and first performed in England, of which country the composer had long before become a naturalized citizen. For cumulative strength and intensity this air has few rivals in musical literature.

90. Largo

Thomas Williams — *Handel (Arranged)*

mp

Fa - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear. As they a - dor-ing bow,

mf — *p*

O Thou Al-might-y One, our weak-ness heed; Strength-en our faith;

f — *rit.* — *pp a tempo.*

With hope in-spire our hearts; Quicken our souls.... with love like un - to Thine. Then

f

..... shall Thy works a-bound, Men... shall pro-claim that God, our Lord... is

p

God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly His name,.. And ho - - ly His name.

ff — *rall.*

God, our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly His name.

The "Pilgrims' Chorus" is sung in the last act of Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser." The travelers, having completed their pilgrimage to Rome, are returning to their homes and their song expresses their joy in viewing once again the meadows and hills of their homeland. The nobility of the music with its beautiful melody and rich and effective harmony has made it probably the best loved of Wagner's choruses. The version here printed is arranged from the original chorus for men only

91. Pilgrims' Chorus

(Tannhauser)

Andante maestoso — *Richard Wagner*

Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en-

fold thee; Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee now, Since I to Heav'n have ful-

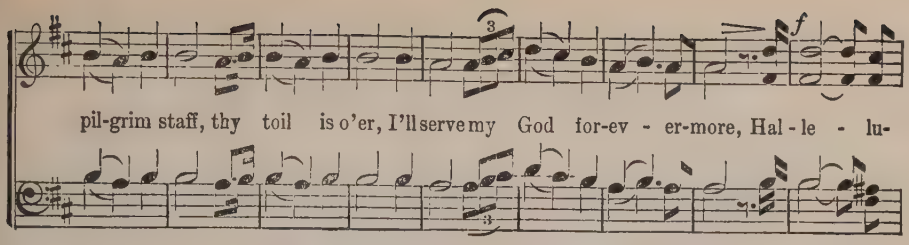
filled my vow. By pen - ance sore I have a - toned, And God's pure

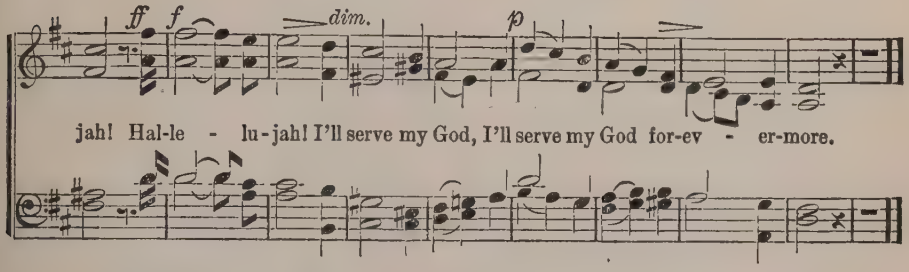
law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with bless - ing crown'd, To

God my song shall aye re - sound, To God my song shall aye re - sound,

ff *ff*

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee; Thou



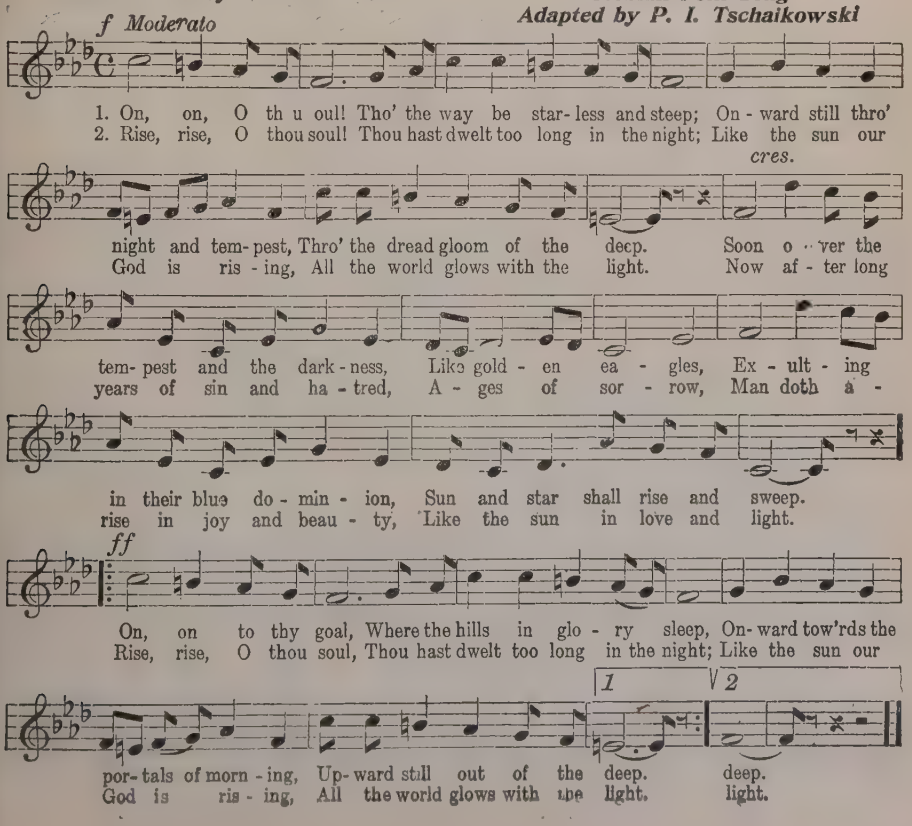


The theme of this music is a Serbian Folk-Song, employed by Tschaikowski in his Slav March. The text expresses the hope and longing of all oppressed peoples.

92. On, O Thou Soul

Frederic Manley

Serbian Folk-Song
Adapted by P. I. Tschaikowski



The opera "Tales of Hoffmann," from which this popular selection is taken, was the composer's most cherished work, but he did not live to see it produced. He died in 1880 and the opera was successfully produced the following year in Paris. It is now in the repertory of all Grand Opera companies.

93. Silent Now the Drowsy Bird

I. L. Brown (Barcarolle) *J. Offenbach*

Moderato quasi Barcarolle

p

Si-lent now the drow-sy bird, As soft-ly falls the night; We hear the sound of
Gen-tly by cool breezes stirr'd We drift 'neath pale moonlight. The wav-ing trees up-
Ah, lin-ger yet a-while, . . .

plash-ing oar, The night wind's ten-der sigh; Ah, lin-ger yet a-
on the shore In whis-p'ring lul-la-by.
For too soon comes the day. This fleet-ing hour be-guile . . . . .

while, yet a-while. This fleet-ing hour be-
'Ere its joy pass a-way. Night's . . soft shade,

guile, this hour be-guile. Night's soft shade, ... Soon will
Soon . . will fade. Ah, ...

fade, ... Ah, . . Si-lent now the drow-sy bird As
Gen-tly by cool breez-es stirr'd We
Lin-ger yet a-

1 2 *sf*

soft-ly falls the night. Lin-ger yet a-while,
drift 'neath pale moon-light.
while . . . . . For too soon comes the day, ... too

f *dim.*

For too soon comes the day, For too soon comes the
soon . . the day. Ah! ah! ah! . . . . . ah! . . . . . .

pp

day, too soon the day. Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . . .
ah! . . ah! . . ah! . .

morendo. *pppp*

Ah! . . ah! . . ah! ah! ah! . . . . . .

These words, sung to the tune known and generally used by the soldiers in Civil War times as "John Brown's Body," were written in December, 1861, in the course of a visit the author made to Washington. Impelled by the grim reality and significance of the war as it appeared in its nearer aspects, she wrote the verses under the inspiration of intense patriotic feeling, and a great Battle Hymn was born, never to die.

94. Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the vint- age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light- ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir- cling camps, They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His righteous sen- tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye deal with My con-tem- ners, so with you My grace shall deal:" Let the He - ro born of wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg- ment-seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march- ing on.

The oldest of our National Songs, whose origin has never been traced. Many sets of words have been associated with it, because during the Revolutionary war, it was used both by the British and Americans as a means of ridiculing the other. The text here printed is suggestive of a boy's point of view regarding the Continental army.

95. Yankee Doodle

1. — Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in,
2. And there we saw a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid;
3. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion,
4. I saw a lit - tle bar - rel, too, The head was made of leath - er;
5. And there I saw a swamp - ing gun, Big as a log of ma - ple,

And there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
A - giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
They knocked up - on't with lit - tle sticks And called the folks to - geth - er.
Up - on a might - y lit - tle cart, A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.

CHORUS

Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

6 And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home
Locked up in mother's chamber.

This is a characteristic example of the ballads that were popular fifty years ago, and it does not seem to have lost its appeal in these later and more sophisticated days.

96. Darling Nellie Gray

B. R. Hanby

Moderato espressivo

1. There's a low . green val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, Where I've whil'd man - y hap - py hours a - way; A - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the lit - tle cot - tage door Where dwelt my . love - ly Nel - lie Gray.
2. One night I went to see her, but "she's gone," the neighbors say, The . white man . bound her with his chain. They have tak - en her to Geor - gia for to wear her life a - way, As she toils in the cot - ton and the cane.
3. My eyes are get - ing blind-ed and I can - not see the way, Hark! there's some - bod - y knock-ing at the door; Oh! I hear the an - gels call - ing and I see my Nel - lie Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

Oh! my poor Nel - lie Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling an - y - more; I am sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm weep - ing all the day For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

rit. *a tempo*

This is one of Foster's most light-hearted songs and has retained its popularity for more than three generations. The verses may be sung in unison.

97. Oh! Susanna

Edited by Henry Snow — *Stephen Collins Foster*

Lively

Plink, plunk, plink, plunk, plink, plunk, plink - a - plunk,

1. { I came from Al - a - ba - ma With my ban - jo on my knee,
   { It rain'd all day the night I left, The weath - er was so dry,
2. { I had a dream the oth - er night, When ev - 'ry - thing was still,
   { The red, red rose was in her hand, The tear was in her eye,

plink, plunk, plink, plunk, plink - a - plunk, plunk,

I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, My Su - san - na for to
The sun so hot I froze my - seif, Su - san - na, don't you
I thought I saw Su - san - na come A - saun - t'ring down the
I said, "I come from Dix - ie - land, Su - san - na, don't you

plink - a - plunk. Oh! Su - san - na, Oh! don't you cry for me,

see.
cry.
hill.
cry."

For I come from Al - la - ba - ma with my ban - jo on my knee.

In spite or possibly because of the rather somber sentiment of this song, it remains popular for group singing and is entitled to admission in any book of old favorites.

98. In the Gloaming

Meta Orred — *Annie F. Harrison*

Andante

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, When the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, Think not bit-ter-ly of me;

And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, Soft-ly come and soft-ly go; When the
Tho' I pass'd a-way in si-lence, Left you lone-ly, set you free; For my

winds are sob-bing faint-ly, With a gen-tle, un-known woe; Will you think of
heart was crush'd with long-ing, What had been could nev-er be; It was best to

1 2

me . . and love me, As you did once long a-go?
leave . you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (*Omit*) me; It was

best to leave you thus (to leave you thus), Best for you and best for me. . .

Thomas Haynes Bayly, composer, dramatist, novelist and poet, was born at Bath, England in 1797 and died in 1839. He is remembered chiefly for his singable songs, of which this is a favorite example. His father intended him for a lawyer, but that career was given up for the church, which, in turn, gave way to a literary life, unfortunately too brief.

99. Long, Long Ago

T. H. Bayly

Andante

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re - mem - ber the paths where we met, Long, long a - go,
3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,

Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,
Long, long a - go; Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,
Long, long a - go; You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,

Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved,
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then, to all oth - ers my smile you pre-ferr'd,
Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried,

Let me for - get that so long you have roved, Let me be - lieve that you
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word, Still my heart treas - ures the
Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride, Blest as I was when I

love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

The author of this song was a native of Greenbush, in the township of Scituate, Mass., and the well is asserted to be still there on the farm where he spent his childhood, though the bucket has probably disappeared Woodworth was a printer by trade and incidentally wrote a great many poems, but this is the only one that has survived. He was born in 1785 and died in 1842. The tune originally appeared as "Araby's Daughter" in Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

100. The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth — *E. Kiallmark*

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view. The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot that my in - fan - cy knew.

2. The moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For oft - en at noon when re - turned from the field, I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. The wide-spread-ing pond and the mill that stood The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry-house How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver - by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - - a - ract fell; nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. glow - ing, And quick to the white-peb-bled bot - tom it fell; flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well.

REFRAIN

The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck- et that hung in the well.

101. White Sand and Grey Sand

(THREE-PART ROUND)

Anon.

I — II — III

White sand and grey sand; Who'll buy my white sand? Who'll buy my grey sand?

The author and composer of this song are unknown, but it is of undoubted Scottish origin. Its popularity is undiminished by years and it is justly regarded as a classic among representative Scottish folk songs.

102. Loch Lomond

Scottish Folk Song

Allegro moderato

1. By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon- nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben

Lo - mon', Where me and my true love were ev - er wont to be, On the
Lo - mon', Where pur - ple in hue, . . the High- land hills we view, And the

bon -nie, bon- nie banks of Loch Lo - mon'. Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and
moon com -ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and

I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot -land be - fore . . ye; But me and my

true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon- nie banks of Loch Lo - mon'.

Silcher (1789-1860) was a well-known composer of Lieder. He spent a great part of his life as conductor of music at the University of Tübingen. Many of his melodies have become true songs of the people and are classed as folk songs.

103. The Loreley

From the original of Heinrich Heine

Friedrich Silcher

Moderato

1. O tell . me, what is this sad - ness that fills my heart with woe? A
2. Up - on . a rock sits the maid - en of won - drous form and fair, In
3. The boat - man pass - ing be - neath her has heard that mag - ic strain; What

strange old leg - end haunts me, a tale of long a - go. . The
all . her daz - zling beau - ty and combs her gold - en hair. . A
pow'r can now pre - serve him? A - las! 'tis all in vain. The

fad - ing light grows dim - mer, a - cross the flow - ing Rhine,(the Rhine) While
comb so bright and shin - ing she plies and sings the while,(the while,) In
wa - ters deep have caught them,both boat and boat - man brave, (so brave,) 'Tis

red . with sun - set glo - ry the loft - y moun - tains shine. .
strains of wierd en - chant - ment that hearts of men be - guile. .
Lor - e - ley's song hath brought them be - neath the foam - ing wave. .

Analysis of this melody will disclose the fact that it is practically identical with the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The author wrote "John" instead of "Jean," but usage appears to favor the latter.

104. The Land o' the Leal

Lady Nairne — *Old Scotch Air*

Andante espress.

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal, There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's neith-er cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair, In the land o' the leal.
2. Ye've been leal and true, Jean, Your task is end - ed now, Jean, And I'll wel - come you To the land o' the leal. Now fare - ye - well, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fair, In the land o' the leal.

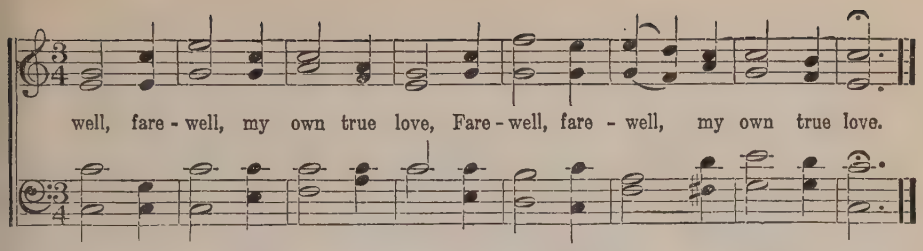
This song and the similar one "How Can I Leave Thee," have long been among the most popular selections for part singing that appear in the song books.

105. Soldier's Farewell

Anon. — *Johanna Kinkel*

Andante

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing, Fare -
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft when dy - ing: Fare -



This song of which neither the author nor the composer is known, is one of the few compositions which can be sung with enjoyment by both young children and by adults. It is certainly one of the first songs that can be sung by the entire family, as its widespread use testifies, and can hardly be left out of any book of popular old songs. In singing, observe the melodic and harmonic variation between measures 4 and 12 of the chorus.

106. My Bonnie

Moderato

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea; . .
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . Last night as I lay on my bed; . .
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the sea; . .
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . The winds have blown o - ver the sea; . .

My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .
Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead. . .
Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . And bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .
The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . And bro't back my Bon - nie to me. . .

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;
Brought back, brought back, Brought back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .
Brought back, brought back, They brought back my Bon - nie to me. . .

H. Trotére (pronounced Tro-tair) was the pseudonym adopted by Henry Trotter, an Englishman born in London in 1855. This song is his main claim to fame. Its cleverly expanded coda is especially liked.

107. In Old Madrid

Clifton Bingham — *H. Trotére*

Tempo di bolero

1. Long years a - go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft - ly sighs of love the light gui -
2. Far, far a - way from old Ma-drid, Her lov - er fell, long years a - go, for

tar, Two sparkling eyes a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own
Spain; A con - vent veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sighed were

star! There on the case - ment ledge, when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was
vain! But still, be - tween the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the

rall.

light - ly laid; A face looked out as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten -
lat - tice wide, The faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er

a tempo

der ser - e - nade! Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from shore to shore,
the mist - y tide! Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up - on the shore,

f

But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be - tween them ev - er - more. . . .
Though flows a stream than all more strong, Be - tween them ev - er - more. . . .

CHORUS

con tenerezza

"Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing;

rall.

1

Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!"

thee, A-lone I wait, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for thee; O come, my

love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!" . . .

Thuringia, formerly an historical division of Germany, is now a territorial term without political significance. If this favorite song, which is commonly classed as folk music, actually had its origin as a folk song, it has undoubtedly been considerably improved in structure by expert hands.

108. How Can I Leave Thee

Thuringian Folk Song

Andante con moto

p

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow'r - et Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow'r - et and hope may die,
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain,

f

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear one, be - lieve.
I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad - ly should'st complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

f

This tune has been described as a perfect example of folk music, but its folk origin has been challenged on the ground that its melodic form is too artistic to have been so derived. However it is undeniably a beautiful song and the question of its origin is largely academic.

109. An Irish Love Song

Katherine Tynon Hinkson
(Slightly altered)

Londonderry Air

Andante espressivo

p

1. Would God that I might be an ap - ple blos - som . That falls and floats from
2. Oh, would that I were one a - mong the ros - es . That bow to greet you

off the twist-ed bough, . To find a home be - side your ten - der blush- es, .
as you float be - tween, . While on the low - est branch a bud un - clos - es .

And gen - tly lie where lies that blos-som now. Or would I were a lit - tle burnished
To win a smile from you, her love-ly queen. Nay, since I know your hand will ne'er ca -

allarg.

ap - ple . For you to gath - er, glid - ing by so fair, . While shade and sun your
ress me, . I'd be a leaf and on your pathway lie, . If but per-chance your

rall.

robe of lawn will dap- ple And hide to - geth - er in your crown of gold - en hair. .
snow-white foot might press me, And so at last to make me hap-py, tho' I die. .

Hide to - geth - er in your hair. .
Make me hap - py tho' I die. .

This song has a quality of naive sentiment in both words and music which has appealed to the hearts of two generations and still continues to be popular.

110. Sweet Genevieve

Moderato — *Henry Tucker*

1. O Gen - e-vieve, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past; The
2. Fair Gen - e-vieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far; My
D.S. — *Gen - e -vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But*

FINE

rose of youth was dew - im- pearled, But now it with - ers in the blast.
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove, Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star.
still the hands of mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

I see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing tho'ts are full of thee; Thy
For me the past has no re - gret, What -e'er the years may bring to me; I

D.S. al Fine

glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum - mer sea, Oh,
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee. Oh,

The church bell peal forms the theme of many old English rounds.

111. Let's Have a Peal

(NINE-PART ROUND) — *Anon.*

I II III IV V

Let's have a peal for John Cook's soul, For he was a

VI VII VIII IX

ver - y, ver - y hon - est man, an hon - est man.

James Bland was a Southern negro, a composer and singer of simple songs which were popular in the "sixties." Many of the songs are forgotten but "Carry Me Back" has survived and is as popular today as ever.

112. Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Words and Music by James Bland

Moderato

1. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, That's where the cot - ton and the corn and 'ta - ters grow; That's where the birds war - ble sweet in the spring-time, That's where this old dark -ey's heart am longed to go. That's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas - sa, Day aft - er day in the field of yel - low corn; No place on earth do I love more sin -cere - ly Than old Vir - gin - ny, the .

2. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There let me live . till I with - er and de - cay. Long by the old Dis - mal Swamp have I wan-dered, That's where this old dark -ey's life will pass a -way. Mas - sa and Mis -sis have gone on be - fore me, Soon we will meet on that bright and gold - en shore, There we'll be hap - py and free from all sor - row, There's where we'll meet and we'll .

CHORUS

place where I was born. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny,
nev - er part no more.

That's where the cot - ton and the corn and 'ta - ters grow; There's where the birds war- ble

Repeat chorus pp after 2nd stanza

sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dark- ey's heart am longed to go.

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This chime is called "Westminster" in allusion to the clock in the tower of the Houses of Parliament in London. It chimes the quarters on four bells corresponding to the notes B♭, D, C and F, as in the following melody. The hours are struck on a bell weighing 13 tons, named Big Ben after Sir Benjamin Hall who was Commissioner of Works at the time the clock was erected. The melody has been ascribed to Handel.

113. Westminster Chimes

Slowly

1. Ring out, O bells, Your an -cient chime Whose ca - dence tells The flight of time.
2. Sound far and near, With faith -ful tongue; Ring hope and cheer To old and young.

Ding . . . . . Dong. . . . . .

Particular attention should be given to all dynamic marks in order that the peculiar characteristics of the Spanish rhythm may be well brought out. The original song was written in 3-8 measure, but the 3-4 notation is considered easier to read and the effect will be the same if the marks are observed.

114. Flowing River

English by H. W. L. — *Chilean Folk Song*

Allegretto grazioso

p — *ten.*

1. How dark the deep-flow-ing riv-er . . That cours-es on toward the
2. The riv-er sings ev-er plain-tive, . As tho' it ne'er could re-

p

1. How dark, how deep the flow-ing riv-er, Cours-ing ev-er
2. The riv-er sings for-ev-er plain-tive, Naught can make its

accel.

sea! . . . . Should my tears join . in its cur-rent . Fath-oms deep-er .
joice, . . . Could it ech-o . . all my sor-row, . Ah, what yearn-ing .

toward the sea! Should my tears join the stream, Fath-oms
heart re-joice; Could it tell all my woe, Deep-est

f — *rit.* — *a tempo*

. . . it would be! Should my tears join . in its cur-rent, .
. . . it would voice! Could it ech-o . . all my sor-row, .

f

deep-er it . would be! Ah, should my tears join the
yearn-ing it . would voice! Ah, could it tell all my

. . . Fath-oms deep-er . . it would be. . . . *rit.* *a tempo* Flow-ing riv-er, . flow-ing
. . . Ah, what yearn-ing . . it would voice! . .

stream, Deep-er far . 'twould be. . . .
woe, Yearn-ing it . would voice. . .

Ev-er on-ward, flow,

accel. *f* *rit.* *a tempo*

ev - er . . Bring my loved one . home to me! Flow - ing riv - er, .

On-ward flow, Oh, bring her home to me, Ah, flow - ing riv - er,

espress *p rall.*

. . . Be-neath the moon a - qui - ver, . Bring my loved one . home to me. . .

'Neath the sil - ver moon Bring my loved one . home, home to me!

115. Tho' the Earth Be Bright

Words adapted by Frederic Manley ***Christoph Willebald, Ritter von Gluck in Orpheus***

Andante 𝄋

Tho' the earth be bright with flow'rs, And the smiles of dew-pearled mead-ows,

D.S. O the night of death is round me, And the deeps of hell en- gulf me,

2nd time to CODA

Tho' glad-ness show'rs Thro' sun-lit hours, Life to me is dark with sor- row, For my

Rise to . greet me, Love in - vokes thee. Come to me, be - lov - ed (*Omit*) . . . . .

love lies in death's shad-ow. Eu - ri - dy - ce! Eu - ri - dy - ce! Be -

Adagio

lov - ed, here I seek thee, I call . . thee! Woods and hills have waked to hear me,

Sav - age things have joyed be-fore me; With a great - er pow'r I call thee, With my love, O Eu- ri -

D.S. CODA

dy - ce, Eu - ri - dy - ce! wife, Rise to greet me, Love in - vokes thee! Rise from

death to love and life, To love and life, . to love and life.

This is probably the best known and most popular hunting song in our language. Obviously it was made for fox hunters, but its qualities of spirit, rhythm and melody have made it a favorite song without reference to the special meaning of the words.

116. John Peel

English Hunting Song
Arranged

With spirit

1. D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? D' ye ken John Peel at the break of . . day? D' ye ken John . Peel when he's far, far a - way With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
2. Yes, I ken John Peel and old Ru - by too, There were Ran - ter and Roy - al and Bell - man and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
3. D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, Who at Trout - beck lived in a by - gone . day? D' ye ken John . Peel, he is gone far a - way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed, 'Twas the sound, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, ta - ra, ta - ra! And the cry of his hounds which he oft - times led, For ta - ra, ta - ra! Tan - ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, ta-ra!

And the cry of his hounds Which he oft - times led, For .

hal-loo,

Peel's view hal-loo, hal-loo, Would waken the dead Or a fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

Peel's view hal-loo Would wak-en the dead

This song, with its suggestion of sadness, combines the hopefulness of Spring, when beautiful signs of new life and good cheer appear all about us. The composer was born in Berlin in 1788. She taught singing in Hamburg from 1814 until her death in 1826.

117. In the Time of Roses

Anon. *Luise Reichardt*

Andante con moto

1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea - ry heart! When the flow'r un - clos - es Thou, too, hast thy part. Though thy grief o'er - come thee, Through . . the win-ter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.

2. In the time of ros - es, Wea - ry heart, re - joice! Ere the sum - mer clos - es Comes the longed-for voice. Let not death ap - pal thee, For . . be - yond the tomb, God him - self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

This song was contributed to the Army and Navy Song Book during the Great War by Mr. Carpenter, one of America's foremost composers. His home is in Chicago where he divides his time between business and composition. He served as a member of the Music Committee of the Commission on Training Camp Activities. He has written several important symphonic works including "Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Skyscrapers." The accompaniment, to be found in the COMPLETE EDITION, is necessary for the best effect.

118. The Home Road*

Words and Music by John Alden Carpenter

Moderato (2nd time p)

f

1. Sing a Hymn of Free - dom, Fling the ban - ner high! Sing the Songs of
2. In the qui - et hours . . Of the star - ry night Dream the dreams of

f

Lib - er - ty, Songs that shall not die. For the long, long road to Tip - pe -
far a - way Home-fires burn- ing bright. For the long, long road to Tip - pe -

For the

ra - ry . . Is the road that leads me home, O'er hills and plains, By

lakes and lanes, My Wood - lands! My Corn - fields! My Coun - try! My Home!

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The early tunes of Ireland have an exceptionally melodious charm, and many of them have become classic. The practice, by Thomas Moore and others of his time, of writing felicitous words to old familiar tunes has done much to perpetuate the music.

119. My Love's an Arbutus

Alfred Perceval Graves — *Old Irish Tune*

Allegretto con moto

1. My . . love's an ar - bu - tus by the bor - ders of
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry and . . snow - y the
3. A - las, fruit and blos - som shall be dead on the

Lene, So slen - der and shape - ly in her gir - dle of green. . .
flow'r, That bright - en to - geth - er the . . ar - bu - tus bow'r, . .
lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers dim your young charms, Ma - chree. . .

And I meas - ure the pleas - ure of her eye's sap - phire sheen . .
Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing through sun - shine and show'r, .
But un - rang - ing, un - chang - ing, you'll still cling to me . . .

By the blue skies that spar - kle thro' the soft branch - ing screen.
Give me her bright lips and her . . laugh's pearl - y dow'r.
Like the ev - er - green leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree.

Practically everybody knows this old tune. If it is started at any social occasion it is sure to be quickly taken up by the assembly. This four-part arrangement will give it a new interest, if a little pains is taken to learn it.

120. See Saw

In waltz time — *Anon.*

See - saw, see - saw,— Down and up we go, ... we go, and

See - saw, . see - saw, . Swing - ing high and swing - ing low;

See - saw, see - saw, Up we go so high, (so high, and)

See - saw, . see - saw, We al - most bump the sky! . .

121. O My Love!

(FOUR-PART ROUND)

Anon. (*1609*)

Smoothly

I II III IV

O my love! Lov'st thou me? Then quick-ly come and save him That dies for thee.

No sleighing party ever fails to sing this song, in fact, it is about the only one of its kind we have. When available, sleigh-bells are used in the chorus with great effect. At banquets the tapping of forks upon glasses makes an effective substitute for bells.

122. Jingle Bells

Allegro vivace

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2. Day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, Soon Miss Fan-ny Bright was
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young! Take the girls to-night, and

Laugh-ing all the way. Bells on bob - tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its
seat - ed at my side. The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his
sing this sleigh - ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his

bright, What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!
lot, . . . He got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - set!
speed, Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh And crack! You'll take the lead.

CHORUS

Jin - gle bells! Jin - gle bells! Jin - gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one-horse o - pen sleigh. Oh! is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

123. The Bells of Osney

(THREE-PART ROUND)

Anon.

I II

The great bells of Os - ney, They ring, they ring, they

III

ring, they ring, The ten - or of them goes mer - ri - ly.

Stephen Adams, whose true name was Michael Maybrick, wrote many songs that have taken a high plac in the balladry of these times. He was born in Liverpool in 1844 and died a few years ago.

124. A Warrior Bold

Edwin Thomas — *Stephen Adams*

Con spirito

1. In days of old, when knights were bold And bar - ons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, . . . Sang mer - ri - ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue and heart so true, That none with her com - pare! So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die!" death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, . . . I've fought for love, for love, . for love I die!"

2. So this brave knight in ar - mor bright, Went gai - ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night His soul had passed a - way, . His soul had passed a - way. The plight-ed ring he wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died he brave - ly cried: "I've kept the vow I swore! So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho' (*Omit.* . . . . .)

cresc. — *ad libitum* — *rall. e dim.*

125. Health and Strength

(FOUR-PART ROUND)

Anon.

I — II — III — IV

For health and strength, and dai - ly food, We praise Thy name, O Lord.

This song, ascribed to Dion Boucicault and used in his play "Arrah na Pogue," probably had its inspiration from an old revolutionary street ballad. The words used here present a picture of Ireland more reassuring than the glooomy aspect described in the original text.

126. Wearing of the Green

David Stevens — *Dion Boucicault*

Allegretto

1. There's a shin - ing lit - tle Is - land, And its peo - ple love it well, A
   Like an em - 'rald set in sap - phire, With a dia - mond here and there, It
2. It is famed in song and sto - ry, 'Tis the fount of wild ro - mance, The
   Tho' the bards who made such mu - sic As the world can ne'er for - get, Are

1 2

spot by na - ture gift - ed With her most en - dur - ing spell.
gleams a - cross the wa - ter With a charm be- yond com-(*Omit.*) pare. You will
na - tive home of min-strel-sy Whose meas-ures all en- trance;
sleep - ing long in si - lence, Still their songs are liv - ing (*Omit.*) yet.

know it by the mountains, By the val- leys and the fells, By the lakes of sweet Kil -

lar - ney, Where the blue of heav- en dwells; You will know it by the Sham-rock, Dear-est

em-blem ev - er seen, And know its men and wo- men By the wear-ing of the green.

This lovely song, by the composer of the *New World Symphony*, from which the music for "Massa Dear" (number 41 in this collection) is taken, has a beautiful accompaniment which is given in the Complete Edition of this book and which, in the hands of a capable pianist, adds greatly to the characteristic Bohemian rhythmic effect.

127. Songs My Mother Taught Me

Anton Dvořák

Andante con moto — *Abridged*

1. Songs my moth - er taught . . me . . . In the days long van - ished; Sel - dom from her . eye - - lids
2. Now I teach my chil - dren . . Each me - lo - dious meas - ure; Oft the tears are . flow - - ing

dim.

Were the tear - drops ban - - ished. . . treas - ure.
From my mem - 'ry's (*Omit* . . . . . .)

Many of the notable bells in former times were given names, often indicative of size, like "Big Ben," "Great Peter," etc. The name "Great Tom" was given to the bell at Christ Church College at Oxford, and is also borne by the one in Lincoln Cathedral. The holds 𝄐 in the music only indicate where the voices may stop in order to end the round together.

128. Great Tom is Cast

(THREE-PART ROUND)

H. Lawes (17th Cent.)

I — II

Great Tom is cast, and Christ Church bells ring

III

one, two, three, four, five, six, And Tom comes last.

This majestic chorus is an example of Handel's instinct for expressing in music the spirit of the words. It is easy to imagine the pomp and ceremony attending the approach of the conqueror.

129. See, the Conquering Hero Comes

George Frederick Handel
in Judas Maccabaeus

Maestoso

1. See, the . con - qu'ring he - - ro comes, Sound . . the trump - ets,
2. See the . god - like youth . . ad - vance, Breathe . . the flute and

beat the drums: Sports . . . pre - pare, the lau - - rels bring.
lead the dance; Myr - - tle wreaths and ros - es twine To

Songs . . . of tri - umph to . . . him sing,
deck . . . the he - ro's brow . . di - vine.
See, the . con - qu'ring

he - - - ro comes, Sound . . . the trump - ets, beat the drums.

130. Turn Again, Whittington

Anon.

I II III

Turn a - gain, Whitting - ton, Thou worth - y cit - i - zen, Lord Mayor of Lon - don.

This song is comparatively unfamiliar, yet it is one of Foster's most charming melodies.

131. Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

Stephen C. Foster — *Stephen C. Foster*

Tranquillo

1. I dream of Jean-ie with the light brown hair Borne like a va-por on the gold-en air. I see her trip-ping where the bright streams play (As) Gay as the dai-sies a-long her way. Ma-ny are the fond notes her mer-ry voice would pour, Ech-oed by the birds in the grove o'er and o'er. Ah! . . . . . I dream of Jean-ie with the light brown hair, A-float like va-por on the soft summer air.

2. I long for Jean-ie with the day-dawn smile, Ra-diant with glad-ness, warm with win-ning guile; I hear her mel-o-dies at-tuned to . love, (As) Warm as the sun light-ing heav'n a-bove.

3. I sigh for Jean-ie when the day-light fades, Hour when the shad-ows haunt the dew-y glades; And when the stars a-dorn the mid-night skies; ('Tis) I view their light as her own dear eyes. Fond notes her

f

Bach (1685-1750) wrote many cantatas, both sacred and secular. Among the latter, two are classed as comic: "The Peasant Cantata" and "The Coffee Cantata." Although the following number is an air in the cantata, the original harmony has been strictly followed in this four-part arrangement, and the voice leadings kept as nearly as possible like the original accompaniment.

132. Come Let Us to the Bagpipe's Sound

Johann Sebastian Bach
in "The Peasant Cantata"
Arranged

Allegro

mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry,

Come let us to the bag-pipe's sound, The mer-ry, mer-ry,

mer-ry, mer-ry sound,

mer-ry . . sound, Tread out a meas-ure gay. 1. With right foot first and
2. Now hands a-cross and

left foot then, Turn right a-bout and back a-gain, Now right hand in and left hand out, Then
change your place, Then turn your partner face to face, The same a-gain and so you see That

The

turn your part-ner round a-bout. Come let us to the bag-pipe's sound, The
now you're back where you should be. Come let us to the bag-pipe's sound, The

mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry sound,

1 2

mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry sound, Tread out a meas-ure gay. gay.

The March of the Men of Harlech has long stood as the Battle Song of the Welsh and no doubt will always be sung by them as an expression of patriotism. But the Welsh, though famous in battle, are equally famous in the gentler field of song, and it has seemed permissible and appropriate to substitute for the battle words a text in celebration of the Cambrian bards and their descendants.

133. Men of Harlech

J. Lilian Vandevere — *Old Welsh Air*

Martial

1. Men of Har - lech, lords of sing - ing, Set your moun-tain ech - oes wing-ing,
2. Though the past was oft - en drear - y, Your brave hearts were nev - er wea - ry,

Start the floods of mu - sic ring - ing, Sound-ing, bold and high. Years a - go your
Still your song rang ev - er cheer - y, O - ver hill or glade. Spite of grief or

bards have sung them, Ar - thur's knights were those a - mong them, Ev - 'ry loy - al
des - o - la - tion, Thro' the tramp of hos - tile na - tion, Still has rung your

voice has flung them Back a - gainst the sky. When the heights are tak - en,
song's e - la - tion, Strong and un - dis-mayed. Love of home re - tell - ing,

Sing till all a - wak - en, With might of song The sound pro - long, Till
Brave - ly, clear - ly swell - ing, A strain we hear, From year to year, Tri -

earth and sky are shak-en. On-ward, 'tis your coun-try needs you While the brav-est
um - phant and com - pell-ing. Sing to tell your val - iant sto - ry, Bright to - day, tho'

ev - er leads you. Once a - gain the slo - gan speeds you, "Free-dom, God, and Right!"
old and hoar - y. Sing the pow'rs that gave you glo - ry, Free-dom, God, and Right!

The following translation (William Duthie) is perhaps the most familiar English version of the Welsh original, the theme of which was the siege of Harlech Castle in the reign of Edward IV.

134. Men of Harlech

1 Men of Harlech, in the hollow,
Do ye hear, like rushing billow
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground!
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts of thunder.
Onward, 'tis our Country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us,
Honor's self now proudly heads us,
Freedom, God, and Right!

2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend or wife or lover
Trembles on a blow.
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given
In deadly lock or battle shock
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for home, for life, for glory,
Freedom, God, and Right!

135. The Merry Bells of Hamburg

(THREE-PART ROUND)

Allegretto *Alfred Moffat*

I II

The mer - ry bells of Ham - burg town, To old and young a -

III

like have rung, A din - gle, din - gle, din - gle, din - gle, ding, dang, dong.

The words of this favorite nonsense song, except the chorus, appear in the author's book, "Davy and the Goblin," but have been too rarely ascribed to him in the many song collections where it has been used. Mr. Carryl was a writer of delightful nonsense and his story of "The Admiral's Caravan" occupies a place beside "Alice in Wonderland." The chorus is from an old English ditty.

136. A Capital Ship

Charles E. Carryl — *Old English Tune*

Allegro. Solo or Unison

mf

1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal - lop - ing .
2. The bo' - swain's mate was . ve - ry se - date, Yet . fond . of a -
3. The cap - tain sat on the com - mo - dore's hat, And . dined in a
4. All nau - ti - cal pride we . . laid . a - side, And we ran . the .
5. On Rug - bug bark, from . morn . till dark, We . dined . till we

Win - dow Blind! No . wind . that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or .
muse - ment too; He . played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the
roy - al way, Off . toast - ed pigs and . pick - les and figs And .
ves - sel a - shore On the Gul - li - by Isles, where the Poo - poo smiles, And the
all . had grown Un - com-mon - ly shrunk; when a Chi - nese junk Came .

trou - bled the . Cap - tain's mind; The . man . at the wheel was .
cap - tain he tick - led the crew! And the gun - ner we . . had was ap -
gun - ne - ry . bread . each day. And the cook . was . Dutch, and be -
rub - bly . Ub - dugs roar. And we sat . on the edge of a
up . from the Tor - ri - bly zone. She was chub-by and . square, but we

made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est . blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
par - ent - ly mad, For he sat on the aft - er . rai - ai - ail, And .
haved as such, For the di - et he gave the . crew - ew - ew, Was a
sand - y ledge And . shot at the whist - ling . bee - ee - ee; And the
did - n't much care, So we cheer - i - ly put out to sea - ee - ee; And we

oft - en ap - peared, when the gale . had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired . sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
num - ber of tons of . hot - cross buns Served up with . su - gar and glue.
cin - na - mon bats wore . wa - ter - proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
left all the crew of the junk . to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

f Chorus

Then blow, ye winds, heigh - o! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll

f

rit.

stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm

off on the morn - ing train, I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm

off to my love With a box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way!

137. Now, Robin, Lend to Me Thy Bow

(FOUR-PART ROUND)

Old English

I II III

1. Now, Rob - in, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Rob - in, lend to me thy bow, For
2. With that the la - dy she came in, And willed them all for to a - gree; For

IV

I must now a - hunt - ing with my la - dy go, With my sweet la - dy go.
hon - est hunt-ing nev - er was ac-count-ed sin, Nor nev - er shall . for me.

The 1st, 2nd and 3rd voices should repeat part of the 1st verse after finishing the 2nd verse. A convenient finish will be found when the 1st voice reaches the end of the 3rd section. This enables the 4th voice to finish the second verse.

This ancient ditty is one of an almost inexhaustable number of English folk songs, having a simple rustic humor that makes them especially entertaining for group singing. In dramatizing this song, a final humming repetition may be used during which the soldier is divested by two girls of the articles he has fraudulently acquired.

138. O Soldier, Soldier

Allegro — *Old English. Traditional*

(She)

"O sol - dier, sol - dier, won't you mar - ry me? With your mus - ket, fife and drum?"

(He) — Fine

"Oh, no, sweet maid, I can-not mar-ry thee, for { I have no coat / I have no hat / I have no gloves / I have no boots } to put on.
I have a wife of my own.

(End)

Then up she went to her grand - fa - ther's chest, And got him a

{ coat / hat / pair / pair } of the ver - y, ver - y best, She got him a { coat / hat / pair / pair }

of the ver - y, ver - y best, And the sol - dier put { it / it / them / them } on.

D.C.

139. Ah, Poor Bird

(FOUR-PART ROUND)

Anon.

I II III IV

Ah, poor bird, take your flight, Far a - bove the sor - rows of this sad night.

The settings by J. W. Elliott of Mother Goose Rhymes are known and loved by children throughout the English speaking world.

Three Songs for Children

140. Sing a Song of Sixpence

"Mother Goose" — *J. W. Elliott*

Allegretto

1. — Sing a song of six - pence, A pock - et full of rye; . —
2. The King was in the count - ing - house . Count-ing out his mon - ey; The

Four-and-twen-ty black-birds Baked in a pie; . — When the pie was o-pened, The
queen was in the par - lor Eat - ing bread and hon-ey; The maid was in the gar - den, .

birds be - gan to sing, — Was - n't that a dain - ty dish To set be - fore a King?
Hang- ing out the clothes; There came a lit - tle dick - y bird And popped up-on her nose!

141. The Man in the Moon

"Mother Goose" — *J. W. Elliott*

Moderato

The Man in the Moon Came down too soon, And asked his way to *Nor - wich; He

went by the south And burnt his mouth With eat - ing cold plum por - ridge.

* pronounce *Nor-ridge.*

142. Three Children Sliding

"Mother Goose" — *J. W. Elliott*

Allegro moderato

1. Three chil - dren slid - ing on the ice All . on a sum - mer's day;
2. Now had these chil - dren been at home, Or slid - ing on bare ground,
3. You par - ents all that chil - dren have, And you too that have none,

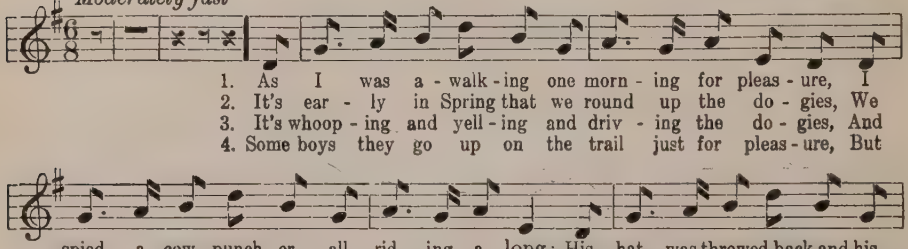
It so fell out they all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.
Ten thou - sand pounds to one pen - ny, They had not all been drowned.
If you would have them safe a - broad. Pray keep them safe at home.

This is one of the best known of the cowboy songs. A "dogie" is a stunted yearling or motherless calf. Often when the dogies were tired they were carried in the "chuck-wagon," or, if near their destination, the cowboys would carry them in front of the saddle. The source of the cowboy songs is hard to trace beyond the known fact that they originated with the cowboys themselves. Many of them embody strains from old familiar songs, while others seem to have been wholly original. For the piano accompaniment see the Complete Edition of this book.

143. Dogie Song*

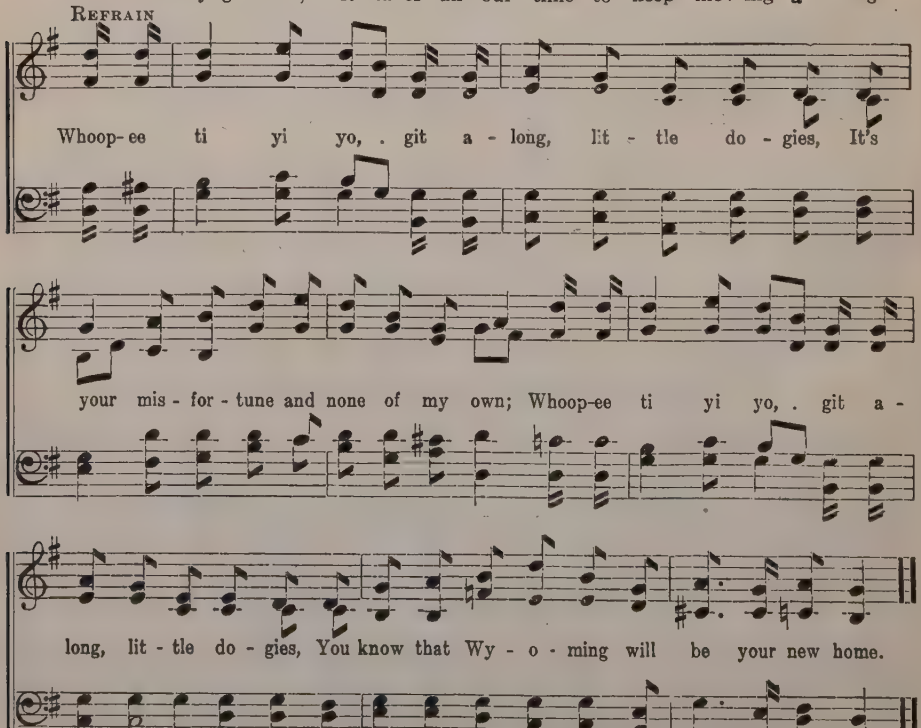
Anon. — *Cowboy Song*

Moderately fast



1. As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing for pleas - ure, I spied a cow - punch - er all rid - ing a - long; His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a - jing - ling, And as he ap-proached he was sing - ing this song:
2. It's ear - ly in Spring that we round up the do - gies, We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails; We round up our hors - es, load up the chuck-wag - on, And then throw the do - gies out on - to the trail.
3. It's whoop - ing and yell - ing and driv - ing the do - gies, And oh, how I wish you would on - ly go on; It's whoop - ing and punch-ing, go on, lit - tle do - gies, You know that Wy - o - ming will be your new home.
4. Some boys they go up on the trail just for pleas - ure, But that's where they get it most aw - ful - ly wrong; You have - n't a no - tion the trou - ble they give us, It takes all our time to keep mov-ing a - long.

REFRAIN



Whoop- ee ti yi yo, . git a - long, lit - tle do - gies, It's your mis - for - tune and none of my own; Whoop-ee ti yi yo, . git a - long, lit - tle do - gies, You know that Wy - o - ming will be your new home.

* From *Songs of the Open Range*, by INA SIRES. C. C. BIRCHARD & Co., Publishers.

In this song appears the rollicking good humor of the cowboy, with a kick of the "cayuse" in the refrain. Miss Sires, in her book, "Songs of the Open Range," says these verses were selected from forty-two that she knows of. The accompaniment is given in the Complete Edition of this book.

144. The Old Chisholm Trail*

Anon. *Cowboy Song*

With spirit

1. Come a - long, boys, . and . . lis - ten to my tale, .
2. Start - ed up . . trail . Oc - to - ber twen - ty - third, .
3. Ten . . dol - lar hoss . and a for - ty dol - lar sad - dle,
4. Woke up one . morn - ing on the old . . Chis - holm trail, .

I'll . . tell you all my trou - bles on the old Chis - holm trail. .
I . . . start - ed up the trail . . with the Two U - herd. .
And I'm go - in' to . . punch - in' . . Tex - as . . cat - tle.
With a rope . . in my hand and a cow by the tail. .

REFRAIN

1-9 10

Com-a ti yi youp-y, youp-y ya, youp-y ya, Com-a ti yi youp-y, youp-y ya. ya.

5 It's cloudy in the west, and a-lookin' like rain,
And o' course the old slicker's in the wagon again. CHO.

6 It's bacon and beans 'most every day,
I wouldn't mind a change if it was prairie hay. CHO.

7 I went to the boss for to draw my roll,
He had me figgered out nine dollars in the hole. CHO.

8 With my knees in the saddle and my hat in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet bye and bye. CHO.

Other "limericks" may be adapted to this music.

145. There Was an Old Man

Edward Lear (?) (FOUR-PART ROUND) *Anon.*

I II

There was an old man, an old man, who said "How shall I 'scape from this

III

hor - ri - ble, hor - ri - ble cow? If I sit on a stile And con -

IV

tin - ue to smile, I may soft - en the heart, the heart of this cow.

* From *Songs of the Open Range*, by INA SIRES. C. C. BIRCHARD & CO., publishers.

This ballad belongs in the category of popular English sea songs, with "Nancy Lee," "They All Love Jack," "The Midshipmite" and others, which seem destined to live forever in the hearts of English-speaking people. Marks was an English composer best known in this country by this very popular song.

146. Sailing

Con spirito — *Words and music by Godfrey Marks*

7

1. Y'heave ho! . . my lads, . the wind blows free, . A pleas - ant gale . is on our lee, And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall brave - ly steer. But ere we part from Eng-land's shore to night, A
2. The sail - or's life . is bold and free, . His home is on . the roll - ing sea, And nev - er heart more true or brave Than he . who launch - es on the wave. A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam; With
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, . Y'heave ho! . my lads, set ev - 'ry sail! The har - bor bar we soon shall clear, Fare - well once more to home so dear; For when the tem - pest rag - es wide and far, That

song we'll sing . for home and beau - ty bright. Then, here's to the sail - or, And
jo - vial song . he rides the spark - ling foam. Then, here's to the sail - or, And
home shall be . the sail - or's guid - ing star. Then, here's to the sail - or, And

rit.

here's to the heart so true Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue.

CHORUS

Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. . Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing

ad lib.

main, For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

147. Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

College Song

p *Andante con moto*

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, Trem - bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn - ing, And those hopes have liv'd and grown; And 'twas

cres. *dim.*

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

p REFRAIN *cres.*

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

dim. e rit.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

148. Old Aunt Jemima

(MALE VOICES)

Allegro

(Melody II Tenor)

Plantation Melody

1. Un - cle Bill an' Mis - sis Jane, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!
2. Mon - key dressed in sis - ter's clo's, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!
3. 'Way down souf in Mis - sis - sip! Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!

Bof lived down in Shin - bone Lane, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!
Sun so hot he froze his toes, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!
Un - cle's chick - ens ketch de pip, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!

f Chorus *2nd time pp*

Car-'line, Car-'line, Can't you dance de bee - line? Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, Oh, i - o!

149. Tap! Tap! Tap!

(MALE VOICES)

Martinique Folk Song

Andante with freedom mf

f

(Melody II Tenor)

1. Tap! tap! tap! who's tap-ping there? . . . It is I, love, o - pen the .
2. Tap! tap! tap! who's tap-ping there? . . . It is I, love, o - pen the .

who's tap-ping there?

mp *mf* *f*

mf

door for me. Tap! tap! tap! Who's tap-ping there? Un-latch the door for me. . .
door for me. Tap! tap! tap! Who's tap-ping there? 'Tis I, who love you well. . .

mp *mf*

Louis Spohr (1784-1859) was a great violinist and a famous composer. His works comprise symphonies, overtures, violin concertos and other instrumental pieces, oratorios, operas, songs, etc., more than two hundred in all. He was one of the best conductors of his time.

150. Proudly as the Eagle

Alfred Stone (MALE VOICES) ***Louis Spohr***

Con spirito (♩ = 108)

f (MELODY I TENOR) *mf*

1. Proud - ly as the ea - gle wings his flight on high, Let our song be
2. Loud as might - y thun - ders peal - ing thro' the skies, Soft as lov - er's
3. Thee, O song, we hon - or, 'tis of thee we sing; Loud - er still and

f *mf*

cresc. *f cresc.*

swell - ing up - ward to the sky; While each glow - ing
sigh - ing shall our car - ols rise; Heav'n - ly mu - sic's
loud - er shall thy prais - es ring; Ho - ly, heav'n - ly

cresc.

breast Thrills with rap - ture blest,
sound Spread - ing joy a - round,
fire Thou dost e'er in - spire,

While each glow - ing breast Thrills with rap - ture
Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound Spread - ing joy a -
Ho - ly, heav'n - ly fire Thou dost e'er in -

ff

While each glow - ing breast Thrills with rap - ture blest.
Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound Spread - ing joy . . a - round.
Ho - ly, heav'n - ly fire Thou dost e'er . . in - spire.

ff

blest, each glow - ing breast Thrills with rap - ture blest.
round, sweet mu - sic's sound Spread - ing joy a - round.
spire, with heav'n - ly fire, Thou dost e'er in - spire.

151. Get Away from Dis Co'nfiel'!

(MALE VOICES)

Stephen Fay — *American Minstrel Song*

mf Allegretto (♩ = 116)

(MELODY II TENOR)

1. Been here since de ear - ly morn, Jim a - long, Jo - seph - us! Boun' to hoe de fod - der co'n,
2. Get - tin' late an' Di - nah fret, Jim a - long, Jo - seph - us! Says de fros' will ketch me yet, Meet you by an' by! Get a - way from dis co'n - fiel', Do'n co'n to grow,
3. Yon - der see dat sol - emn crow, Jim a - long, Jo - seph - us! Wait - in' fo' de pes - ter no mo'; For I caint leave till Di - nah blow de horn, toot! toot! Get a - long yo' way an' stay, For dere ain't no time to - day, I'm a done gwine to hoe de fod - der co'n! . . . . . de fod - der co'n!

152. Spin, Spin

(FOR TREBLE VOICES)

David Harvey — *Thomas Fischer*

Andante mp

1. Spin, maid-en, spin, The gold-en thread twirl in; Swift the whirring wheel goes round,
2. Sing, maid-en, sing, Let hap-py mu-sic ring; Song will make the wheel more fleet,

mp

f *p* *pp*

Fast the flax-en ball is wound, Spin, maid-en, spin, Spin, maid-en, spin.
Song will make your la-bor sweet, Sing, maid-en, sing, Sing, maid-en, sing.

rall. *pp*

Ah, love-ly maid-en, spin.
Ah, love-ly maid-en, sing.

This characteristic Creole tune may be sung in the two parts as written, or with the additional counter melody.

153. Sweet Potatoes

(FOR TREBLE VOICES)

English by H. W. L. — *Creole Folk Tune*

Allegro

1. Soon ez we-all cook swee' pe-ta-tehs, swee' pe-ta-tehs, swee' pe-ta-tehs,
2. Soon ez sup-peh's et, Mam-my hol-lehs, Mam-my hol-lehs, Mam-my hol-lehs,
3. Soon's we tech our haids to de peel-lo, to de peel-lo, to de peel-lo,
4. Soon's de roos-ter crow in de mo'h-nin', in de mo'h-nin', in de mo'h-nin',

Soon ez we-all cook swee' pe-ta-tehs, Eat em right straight up!
Soon ez sup-peh's et, Mam-my hol-lehs, "Git a-long to baid!"
Soon's we tech our haids to de peel-lo, Go to sleep right smart!
Soon's de roos-ter crow in de mo'h-nin', Got-ta wash our face!

Counter Melody for Sweet Potatoes

Hector Spaulding

Roo, roo, roo, roo, hoo, hoo, Sing ho-ke-dink-um! Roo, roo, roo, roo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

This song perfectly illustrates the expression in music of a mood established by the text. The piano accompaniment, to be found in the COMPLETE EDITION, is essential to an effective performance of this chorus and should always be used.

154. Calm as the Night

From the German — *Carl Bohm*

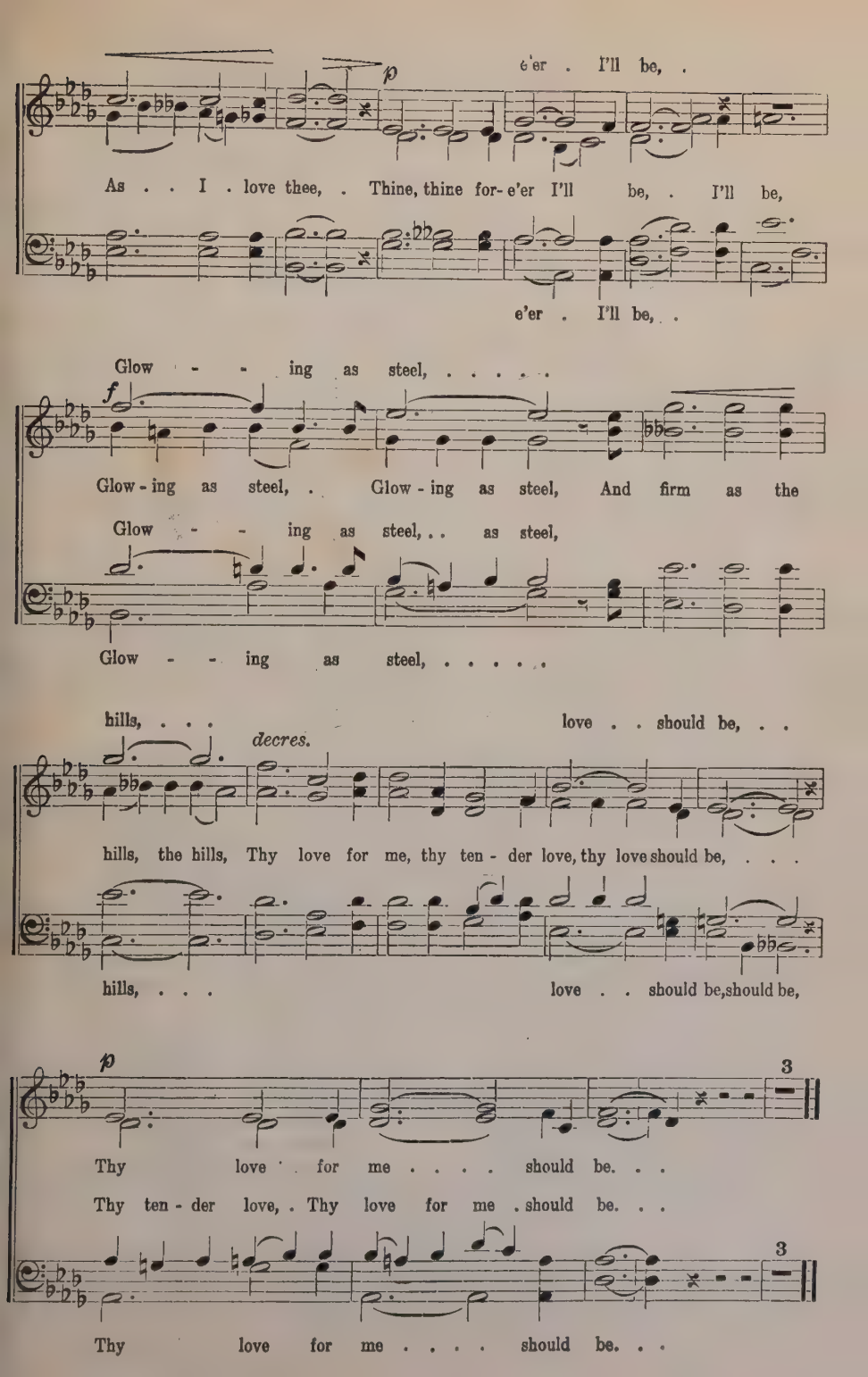
Poco tranquillo

Calm as . the night, Deep . . as . the sea, . Thy love for me . should be. . be. Calm as the night, . . . me should be, . should be. Calm as the night, the night, And Calm as the night, Calm as night, Calm as the night, . . And deep as the sea,

f

deep as the sea, . the sea, . Thy love for me, thy love for me . should be, . . Thy love for me. . . . should be. If thou lov'st me, for me Thy love for me . . .

p


p
e'er . I'll be, .
As . . I . love thee, . Thine, thine for-e'er I'll be, . I'll be,
e'er . I'll be, . .
Glow - - ing as steel, ...
f
Glow-ing as steel, . Glow-ing as steel, And firm as the
Glow - - ing as steel, . . as steel,
Glow - - ing as steel, ...
hills, . . . love . . should be, . .
decres.
hills, the hills, Thy love for me, thy ten-der love, thy love should be, . . .
hills, . . . love . . should be, should be,
p
3
Thy love for me . . . . should be. . .
Thy ten-der love, . Thy love for me . should be. . .
3
Thy love for me . . . . should be. . .

The author of this hymn was born at Bath, England, in 1835, and became well-known as a writer of hymns. This one was published in 1864 in the 2nd Edition of Shipley's Lyra Eucharistica.

155. For the Beauty of the Earth

(Dix)

(THANKSGIVING DAY)

Folliot S. Pierpont — *Arr. from Conrad Kocher*

Moderato

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For each per - fect gift of Thine To our race so free - ly giv'n,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle thoughts and mild,
Grac - es, hu - man and di - vine, Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

156. Lord, We Come with Hearts Aflame

(HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL)

1 Lord, we come with hearts aflame,
Seeking service in Thy name:
All our youth and strength is Thine,
Giv'n to help Thy work divine.
All our love and faith we bring,
They are Thine, O heav'nly King.

2 Lord of Hosts, we ask Thine aid,
Keep us ever unafraid;
Hold us loyal, hold us true
To the task we have to do.
Lead us on to victory,
We shall triumph praising Thee.

3 Lord of all, we take our stand,
Giving help to Thy command;
Eager, joyful, blithe and strong,
Thrilled with love and filled with song.
Lord, we come with hearts aflame,
Seeking service in Thy name.

Berton Braley

This new setting of old English words seeks to recall the spirit of the unaccompanied roundelays of "Merrie England."

157. To Shorten Winter's Sadness

Traditional

Peter W. Dykema

f Con spirito

fa la la la la, fa

1. To short - en win - ter's sad - ness,
2. While youth - ful sports are last - ing,
3. For youth it well be - seem - eth,

fa la la la la,

Fa la, fa la,

fa la la la la, fa

See where the nymphs with glad - ness,
To feast - ing turns our fast - ing;
That pleas - ure he es - teem - eth;

fa la la la la,

Fa la, fa la, fa

Dis - guis - ed all are com - ing, Right wan - ton - ly are mum - ming.
With rev - els and with was - sails Make grief and care our vas - sals.
And sul - len age is hat - ed That mirth would have a - bat - ed.

ff

Fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, Fa la la la la la la, fa

fa la, fa la,

1, 2 *D.C.* *3* *rit.*

la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la, fa la. la la la, fa la!

la la, fa la.

The music of this carol is of English origin; the text is an adaptation from an old English Christmas song.

158. A Day of Joyful Singing

Adapted — *R. Jackson*

Allegro moderato

3 UNISON

1. A day of joy-ful sing-ing, Of hap-pi-ness and mirth;
2. All hail the shin-ing hol-ly, All hail the mis-tle-toe;
3. Long may the Christ-mas spir-it Of kind-ness and good will

And ev-'ry year it com-eth here To glad-den all the earth.
With car-ol gay all hail the day That com-eth o'er the snow.
Thro' joy and pain with us re-main, Our hearts with warmth to fill.

CHORUS

Sing No-ël, sing No-ël, And mer-ry be al-way; . . Come

join . . the song, the sound pro-long, All on a Christ-mas Day.

The list of Bach's almost innumerable works includes a great variety of Christmas music, carols, hymns and cantatas, many of which continue in wide use throughout Christendom.

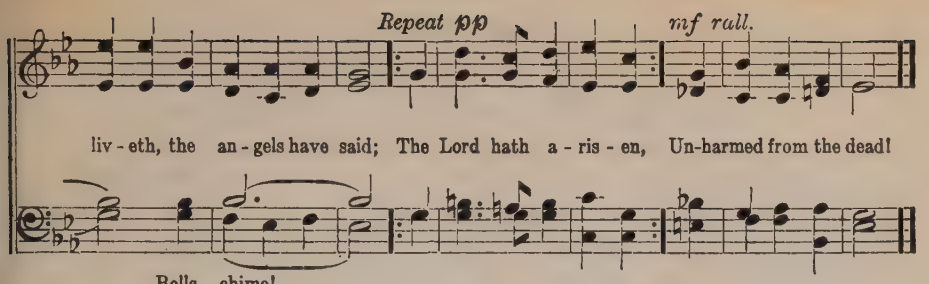
159. The Lord Hath Arisen

Anon. — *Old Carol*

Allegro

1. { Oh! clap your hands, moun-tains, Ye val-leys, re-sound! / Oh! leap for joy, foun-tains, Ye hills, catch the sound! } O sing, for He
2. { Sweep, tides of rich mu-sic, The new world a-long, / And pour in full meas-ure, Sweet min-strels, your song. } All tri-umph, He

Ring out! . . . . . Bells chime! . . .



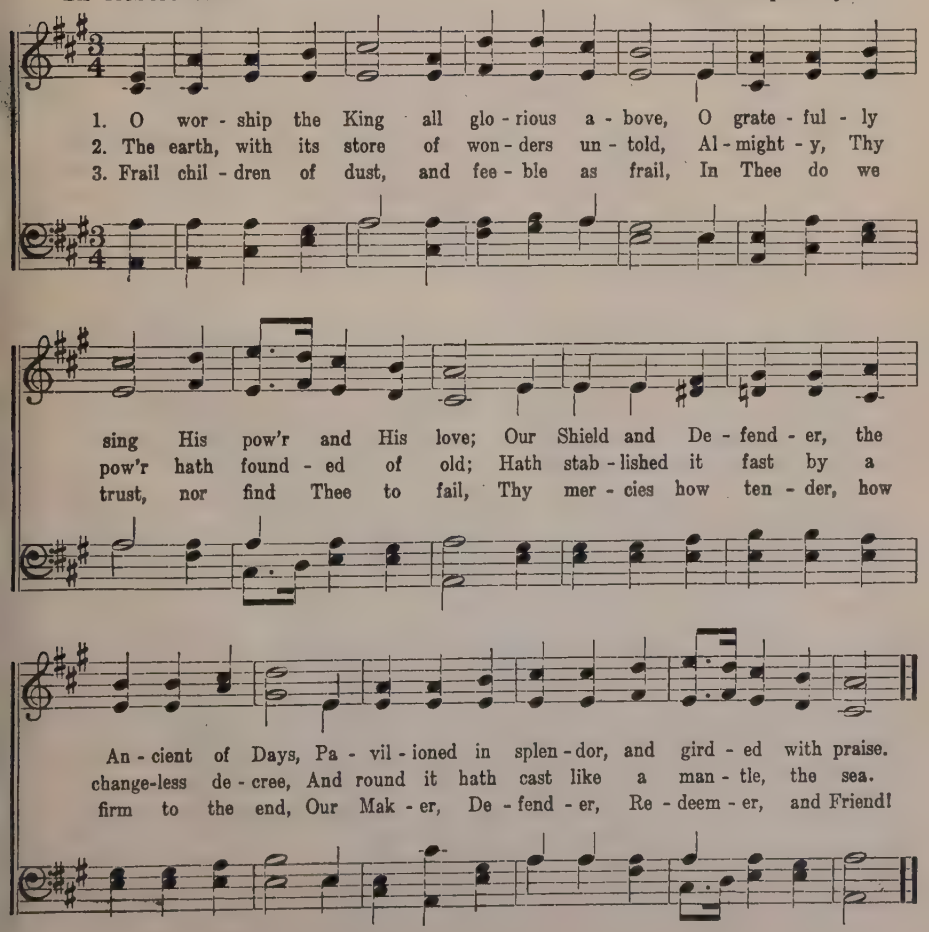
Sir Robert Grant (1785–1838) was a distinguished member of the English bar. He was made Governor of Bombay in 1834, and went to India, where he died. He is known as a hymn writer of great merit, and many of his hymns are widely used in all English speaking countries.

The familiar tune was written by Haydn (1732–1809) many of whose melodies are used for hymn tunes.

160. O Worship the King

(Lyons)

Sir Robert Grant — *Franz Joseph Haydn*



In Old England not one day but twelve days were set aside for merriment at the Christmas season. The piling up of gifts which such a prolonged celebration would produce is suggested in this cumulative "House that Jack built" type of song. (Frederick Austen has edited another version of it.) The song may effectively be dramatized by having twelve bearers of the various gifts present them successively and repeatedly.

161. The Twelve Days of Christmas

(Accompaniment in Complete Edition)

Traditional — *Old English*

Moderato

1. The first day of Christ - mas my true love sent to me A par - ter - idge in a pear tree. 2. The sec - ond day of Christ - mas my true love sent to me Two tur - tle doves and a par - ter-idge in a pear tree.

A B

3. The third day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me Three French hens,
4. The fourth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me Four colly - birds,
5. The fifth day of Christ-mas my true love sent to me Five gold rings,

two tur - tle doves And a par - ter - idge in a pear tree.

6 The sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me Six geese a-laying,
7 The seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me Seven swans a-swimming,
8 The eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me Eight maids a-milking,
9 The ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me Nine drummers drumming,
10 The tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me Ten pipers piping,
11 The eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me Eleven ladies dancing,
12 The twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me Twelve lords a-leaping,

A-B' Repeat this measure as often as necessary, the text in reverse order, always ending with "two turtle doves, etc."

162. Christmas is Coming

Moderato (THREE-PART ROUND) *E. Nesbitt*

I II

Christ - mas is com - ing, the goose is get - ting fat; Please to put a

III

pen - ny in the old man's hat, Please to put a pen - ny in the old man's hat.

Few Christmas services fail to include this famous hymn, the words of which were written by the eminent divine known and loved throughout the Christian world for his life-long service to humanity. He died in 1893 at the age of 58.

163. O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks — *L. H. Redner*

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light:
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
Where meek souls will re - ceive him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

This hymn is commonly known as "Crusaders' Hymn of the 12th Century" and was supposed to have been sung by German Crusaders on their way to Jerusalem. However, the tune has not been traced to any date earlier than 1842. The words date from 1677. Descant, in modern usage, consists of a part for separate soprano voices in contrary motion to the other parts. Strictly speaking, it is subject to formal rules evolved from the first attempts at polyphony in the 12th Century.

164. Fairest Lord Jesus

(Crusaders' Hymn)

Anon. — *German*

Descant by Charles Repper

Moderato

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the

Descant with 2nd and 3rd stanzas only

2. Je - sus . . is fair - er, Je - sus . .
3. Je - sus . . shines bright-er, Je - sus . .

God and . man the son! Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I
bloom - ing . garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
twink - ling . star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines

. . . is pur - er, He who makes the heart to sing.
. . . shines pur - er, Than the an - gels heav'n can boast.

hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

Henry Alford, an English clergyman, writer of note, and Dean of Canterbury, was born in London in 1833 and died in Canterbury in 1871. His literary labours extended to every department of literature but he was especially well known as a writer and translator of hymns. This is his best known and most popular hymn. The composer, born at Canterbury, England, was for forty-seven years organist at St. George's Chapel, in Windsor Castle. This hymn is widely used for Thanksgiving.

165. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

(St. George's, Windsor)

Henry Alford
Moderato

George T. Elvey
Descant by Charles Repper

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home!
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
From His field shall in that day All of - fenc - es purge a - way;

(Descant with 1st and 3rd stanzas only)

1. Our Mak - er doth pro - vide Our wants to be sup - plied;
3. His an - gels come at last The tares in fire to cast,

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied.
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;—
Give His an - gels charge at last, In the fire the tares to cast,

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home!
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home!
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

Some compilers have ascribed this melody to Josef Haydn, others to Rossini. The author, who was an English clergyman, was born in Cornwall in 1732 and died in 1820. This is one of the three most popular hymns of this writer.

166. O Thou from Whom All Goodness Flows

(Manoah)

Thomas Haweis — *Arr. from Rossini (?)*

1. O Thou from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
2. When on my ach - ing, bur - dened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly,
3. When tri - als sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,

In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Thy par - don grant, Thy peace im - part, In love, re - mem - ber me.
O let my strength be as my day! For good, re - mem - ber me.

The words of this hymn were written by an English clergyman about the middle of the 18th century and were published with the tune "Miles Lane," composed by William Shrubsole, in 1780 in the "Gospel Magazine." The hymn is frequently sung to the well-known tune "Coronation" by Oliver Holden.

167. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

(Miles Lane)

Edward Perronet — *William Shrubsole*

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
2. Hail Him, the Heir of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid Lord did call; The God in - car - nate!
3. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, Be - fore Him prostrate fall; To Him all maj - es -

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!
Man di - vine! And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!
ty as - cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

This is the author's version of the Ninetieth Psalm and one of his finest hymns. It has been translated into many languages and its use is universal.

The tune St. Anne's is so called probably, from the church in Soho, London, where the composer was organist at one time. Isaac Watts was born in 1674 and died in 1748. Dr. Croft (1678-1727) was an eminent composer of his time.

168. O God Our Help in Ages Past

(St. Anne's)

Isaac Watts — *William Croft* — *Descant by Charles Repper*

1. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. With - in the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

DESCANT (Sing *Ah*)

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Be Thou our guard while trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

169. Sun of My Soul

(Hursley)

J. Keble — *Ritter-Monk*

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!
A- bide with me when death is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

170. Awake, My Soul

(Christmas)

P. Doddridge — *George Frederick Handel*

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vi - gor on; A
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For -
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis

heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.
get the steps al - rea - dy trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
His own hand pre-sents the prize To thine up - lift - ed eye, To thine up - lift - ed eye.

171. Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking

(Haydn)

F. R. L., von Canitz — *Franz Josef Haydn*

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing
2. Pray that he may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or,
3. On - ly God's free gifts a - buse not, Light re - fuse not,

O'er the earth an - oth - er day; Come to him who made this
When thine aim is good and true; But that he may ev - er
But his Spir - it's voice o - bey; Thou with him shalt dwell, be -

splen - dor, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs . can pay.
thwart thee, And con - vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.
hold - ing Light en - fold - ing All things in . un - cloud - ed day.

Brahms, the last of a famous line of German composers, was born at Hamburg on May 7, 1833, and died in 1897, leaving upwards of 125 works, many of which are passing into the classic music literature of the world. He was not a composer of hymns, but this excerpt lends itself to the author's purpose.

172. Hail, Holy Light!

E. P. Parker — *Johannes Brahms*

1. Hail, ho - ly light! the world re - joic - es, As
2. Break forth, in glo - ry far ex - cell - ing, O
3. Ac - cept, O Fa - ther, we en - treat Thee, The

morn - ing breaks, and shad - ows fly; All na - ture blends her
Light e - ter - nal, Love di - vine! Let Thy bright beams, all
wor - ship which Thy chil - dren bring; O, grant us grace in

from . . . on
in . . . . us
love . . . to

myr - iad voic - es, To greet the day - spring from . on . . high. .
shades dis - pel! - ing, A - round us and with - in . us . . shine .
heav'n to greet Thee, And with all saints Thy love . to . . sing! .

173. Glory Now to Thee Be Given

From Philipp Nicolai

J. S. Bach
in Sleepers, Wake!

f Maestoso

Glo - ry now to thee be giv - en, On earth as in the high-
All of pearl each daz - zling por - tal, Where we shall join the song.

f

Glo - ry now to in high-
All of pearl each join song.

- est heav - en. With lute and harp in sweet - est tone.
im - mor - tal, Of Saints and An - gels round Thy throne.

- est heav - en.
im - mor - tal.

mp

Be - yond all earth - ly ken Those joys di - vine re - main,

mp

cresc. *f*

That God pre - pares, Our hearts a - glow, Like . .

cresc. *f*

ff

stars a - bove, Re - joice to . . feel His won - drous love.

ff

These words were written by Joseph Addison (1672–1719), who paraphrased the nineteenth Psalm, which is a brief exposition of the Bible story of the beginning of the world. The music is adapted from a chorus by Franz Joseph Haydn, the great Austrian composer (1732–1809).

174. The Spacious Firmament on High

J. Addison — *Arr. from F. J. Haydn*

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter -

the - real sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O -
won - drous tale, And night - ly to the lis - t'ning earth Re - peats the
res - trial ball? What thro' no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their

rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' un - wear - ied sun, from day to
sto - ry of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her
ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re -

day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish -
burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the
joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er

Ped.

es - to ev - 'ry land The work of an al - might - y hand.
ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

The composer of this song, born in Toledo, Ohio, in 1877, now resides in New Haven, where he is head of the Music Department of Yale University. He has composed many important choral and orchestral works, as well as much music in smaller forms.

175. May Song

Frederick Manley — *David Stanley Smith*

Tempo di Mazourka. *Joyfully*

mf

1. Ye lads and lass - es all, a - rise and speed Hith - er where the
2. Come trip a - long whilst lev - el sun - beams play, And fire the green with

mf

poco rit.

flow - ers throng; The lark hath pour'd o'er the prim - rose mead Such a
gold - en light; Let ev - 'ry maid, ev - 'ry younk - er gay Be as

a tempo

joy - ous rain of song; Pale to - kens of the wan - ing night are here,
fair - y maid and sprite; Soft fall your feet as fall the dews of night,

p *cresc.*

Bright jew - els of a glo - rious dawn ap - pear; Hie ye here a - long
And o'er the green like fire - flies twin - kle bright, For the la - dye May,

p *cresc.*

f

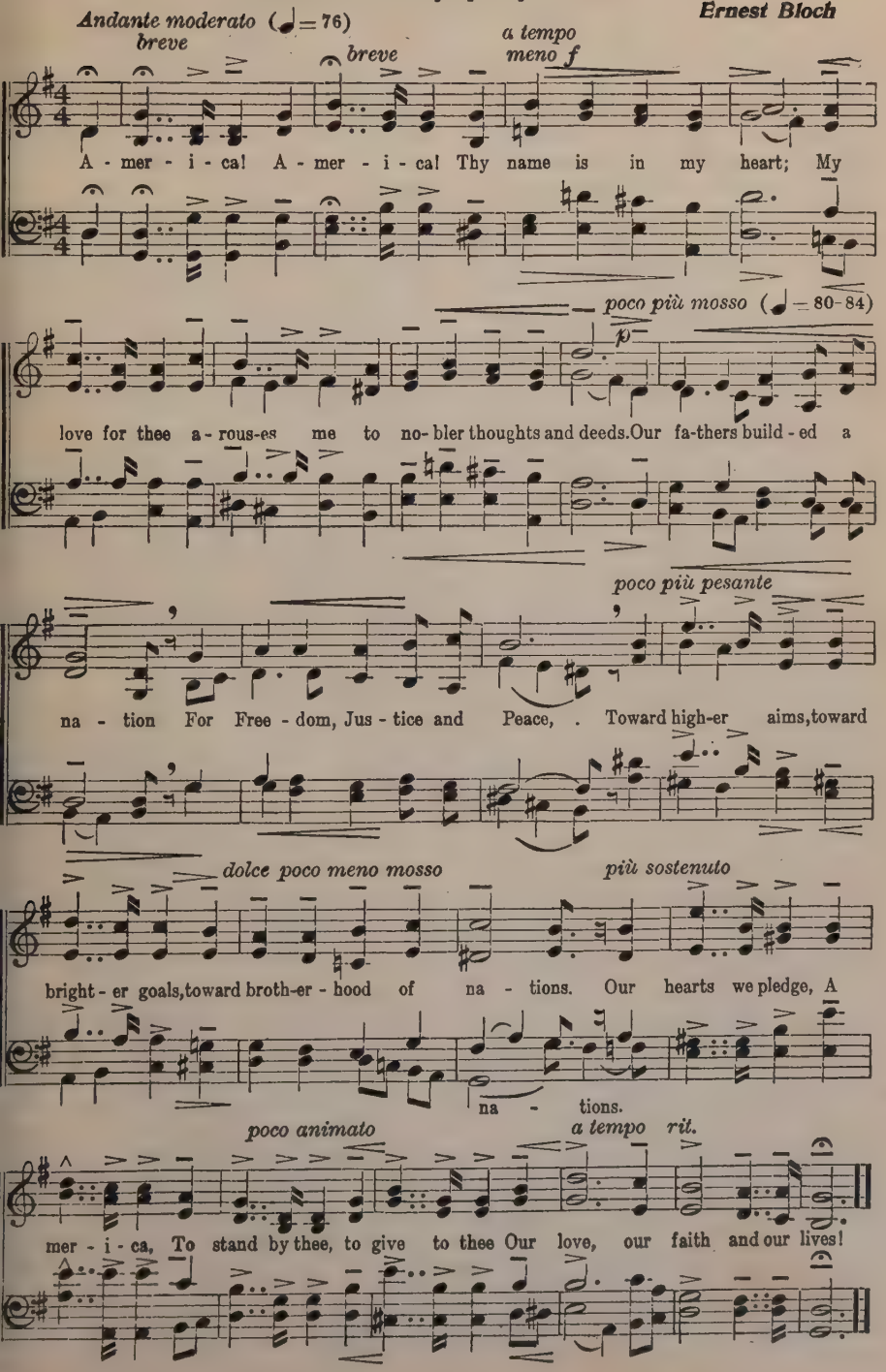
ere the ma - tin's rung, With the flow'rs of May a - round ye strung.
fair - est la - dye May Bring - eth in the Shep - herds' Hol - i - daye.

f

176. America

Anthem from the Symphony "America"

Ernest Bloch



RESPONSIVE READINGS

(The italicised lines to be read by the assembly)

Selections from the Psalms

Psalm 8

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Psalm 9, 16

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvellous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Selections from Classic Literature

I Hear America Singing

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,

Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,

The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,

The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,

The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,

The wood-cutter's song, the plough-boy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,

The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,

The day what belongs to the day — at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,

Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

Walt Whitman

The Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;

That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain;

That this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom;

And that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln

From Abt Vogler

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; not its semblance, but itself;

No beauty, nor good, nor power whose voice has gone forth but each survives for the melodist, when eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard, the passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky, are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

Robert Browning

From The Merchant of Venice

The quality of mercy is not strain'd; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven, upon the place beneath:

It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, it is enthroned in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice.

William Shakespeare

America's Creed

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose powers are derived from the consent of the governed;

A democracy in a republic, a sovereign nation of many sovereign states, a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of Justice, Equality and Humanity for which all American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution,

To obey its laws, to respect its flag, to defend it against its enemies.

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177. Keep the Home Fires

(A-b)

Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining;
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

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178. Long, Long Trail

(A-b)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

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179. Pack Up Your Troubles

(A-b)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style. [worth while;
What's the use of worrying? It never was
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.

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180. Old Dog Tray

(G)

The morn of life is past
And evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream of a once happy day;
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
A-sporting with my old dog Tray.

Chorus

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away;
He's gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

181. Perfect Day

(A-b)

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

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182. A Spanish Cavalier

(G)

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat
And on his guitar played a tune, dear;
The music so sweet would oft times repeat
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Refrain

Say, darling, say, when I'm far away
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say and be true, dear.

183. Missouri Waltz

(F)

Hush-a-bye, ma baby, slumber-time is comin' soon;
Rest yo' head upon ma breast while mammy hums a tune.
The sandman is callling where shadows are fallin',
While the soft breezes sigh, as in days long gone by.
'Way down in Missouri, where I heard this melody,
When I was a pickaninny on ma mammy's knee,
The darkies were hummin', their banjoes were strummin', so sweet and low.

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184. Sweet Adeline

(B-b)

Sweet Adeline (sweet Adeline),
My Adeline (my Adeline),
At night, dear heart (at night, dear heart),
For you I pine (for you I pine)!
In all my dreams (in all my dreams),
Your fair face beams (your fair face beams),
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline (sweet Adeline)!

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185. Howdy!

(B-b)

So when we meet together,
Together, together,
No matter what the weather
Or what the time of day,
Let's grab a hand and shake it,
And shake it, and shake it,
And as for greeting, make it
That good, old-fashioned way.
Howdy-do, Hen? Howdy-do, Jen?
Howdy-do, Brother Hugh? Howdy-do, Sister Prue?
Howdy-do, Bill? Howdy-do, Lil? Howdy-do, Lew and Sue,
Howdy-do?

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